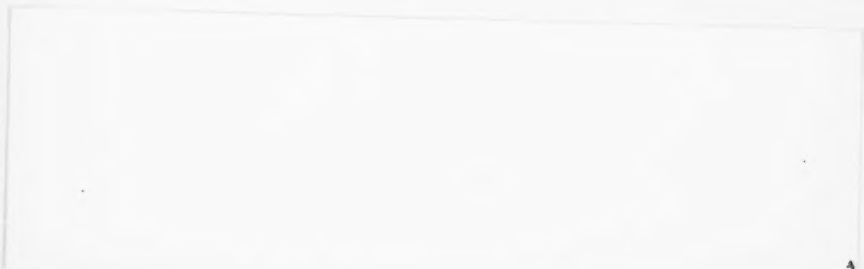


CAROLINA QUARTERLY

Volume 7

1954-1955



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THE

CAROLINA



QUARTERLY

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Editorial



Enough Pies for the Populace

Absurd though the question may sound, inevitable though the wrinkled brows and scratched heads that follow such a query may be, we nonetheless feel curious enough to abandon for the moment the delicate verbal footwork the publicity agent, the desperate but somewhat inconclusive epigrams of the responsibility-entrusted undergraduate, and the nicely non-committal predictions of the policy-plugging editor, and ask the reader an extremely bald question: *What* is a magazine?

Here are some possible answers: "A magazine? Oh, that's a sort of thing that has cartoons and articles and stuff." "A magazine is a collection of pictures and writing that comes out every month or every week or something." "Well, which magazine do you mean?" But these are not the answers we are looking for. We want to know what a magazine is, at bottom and in general, excluding physical descriptions.

What is the *Atlantic Monthly*? A monthly collection of literary criticism, fiction, poetry and expositional reporting aimed at the non-genius type of intellectual. What is the *Saturday Evening Post*? Roughly the same thing with pictures instead of criticism and a reading public consisting of the non-intellectual who has time to read. What is the *Reader's Digest*? Again, approximately the same thing minus the originality, the pictures, the fiction, the criticism, and with a circulation mainly among people on trains and those who *haven't* time to read. We could go on and on describing publications this way, but we think the point is clear; a magazine is a publication which leads people into escape through fiction or informs them through non-fiction, or stimulates them with opinion and judgment.

Quite so, you say, smothering a justifiable yawn, so what?

Look at the difference between all the magazines published in this country—in the world, for the matter; not the difference in appearance or content, but the basic difference in the section of the

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population among which they circulate. There is a magazine for the sophisticate, a magazine for the non-sophisticate, a magazine for the working man with little leisure time, a magazine for the housewife, and one for the teenager, and for the businessman, the nature addict, the armchair traveler; for the variety starved, the sexually starved, the intellectually hungry, and the bored. Though the content in all these magazines differs, each one of them has one thing in common: *a definite, preconceived reading public.*

Now we have a working definition of a magazine; a periodical publication which either informs or diverts (or both) the minds of an individual group of readers.

Apply this definition to the magazine you are now reading. The definition fits, but we feel that hitherto there has been a flaw. The Quarterly is primarily a student magazine published for the benefit of the student body; but up until now its policy has eliminated the majority of the student body from its reading public by apparently refusing to recognize the existing diversity of tastes among the students. A national magazine is aimed at a group of people on one intellectual level; a college magazine should, we believe, be intended not for one intellectual level within the student body, but for as much of the student body as is possible without jeopardizing the interests of the magazine itself.

Perhaps we are mistaken in assuming that the student body wants to read, but we think not. Perhaps we are wrong in thinking that this issue of the magazine is a step toward appealing to the student body as a whole, but we hope not. We hope this is no longer the Esoteric Quarterly, and that we now have a finger in a sufficient number of pies to benefit the reading public we are supposed to benefit.

Reading, Writing and Rugby

STUDENT LIFE AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

by N. C. Calder

The British college student appears to enjoy the unusual blessing of being treated like a man without having this policy carried to too great an extreme by its administrators. Student life at Oxford and Cambridge is one of personal dignity and academic gentility tempered with social gaiety and high school spirit. The dignity and gentility are not a pretense, nor are the gaiety and spirit exaggerated. These admirable traits, present in such admirable proportions, are traditional but not outmoded; they are as much a part of Oxford and Cambridge as bulldogs are of Yale. We, as outsiders, may consider this strange, but the fact remains that as a result of these factors the British student receives an education the equal of which is offered in no other university. It is questionable whether the British student devotes more time to study than does the American, but it is beyond question that his study is more effective and his knowledge is, consequently, more extensive. The student life at these two universities is a development of the past transplanted into the present and thriving there.

Cambridge was started in the eleventh century on the site of a former Roman fort, then turned market town, on the banks of the Cam (then Grantia) River. Residual study and the separate college system were established, and flourished. Cambridge was followed in the twelfth century by Oxford, a town situated at the junction of the Thames (Isus) and Cherwell Rivers. The two universities grew steadily, eventually attaining a position of such importance that two representatives from each were granted a place in Parliament, a privilege these four men still enjoy today.

Though the modern Oxford is a busy manufacturing center, turning out hundreds of new automobiles daily, and Cambridge has swelled to a city of seventy thousand inhabitants, the core of each town is its respective University. The marks of the scholastic seen in the crowds of students, the aristocratic shops which cater to them, and particularly the fleeting swishes of robed bicyclists pedaling frantically from college to college and from "digs" to the library, testify to the fact that these two towns are the center of Britain's culture.

Since the medieval beginnings of the Universities they have been divided into separate colleges, each of which is and always has been almost entirely self-sufficient. Each college has its own

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headmaster, faculty, and other administrative personnel, and maintains control of its property, buildings and customs. There are thirty-two colleges in Oxford, the largest of which has six hundred and fifty students, the smallest ninety, and four of which are restricted to women; there are only nineteen colleges in Cambridge, of which two are for women.

The competition to enter Oxford and Cambridge is greater than is usually encountered by the average American student in entering college. In the early grammar grades the literary students are separated from the technical students by a nation-wide comprehensive examination. Those who pass this test and wish to attend one of the Universities, are given a rigorous course of study in preparation for college, from which they emerge as well educated as the best junior college graduate in the United States. When one considers the millions of Britons who aim toward completion of University work in comparison with these institutions' relatively small size, he can understand the difficulty of gaining admittance and the stiff competition thereafter.

Prospective students apply to the individual college of their chosen University in which they wish to study; in fact, they usually apply to several to increase their chances of admission. Once admitted to one or more colleges, and after he has chosen the one in which he can study under the best tutor available in his field, the student has begun a course that will last at least two years (in remote instances), probably three years (with the average college load) and, if he desires to study longer or feels that he is not well enough prepared to stand the final examinations, he may stay up to seven years. At the end of seven years he must stand the tests or forfeit his chances for a degree.

In the cool English fall the student assumes mortar board, white bow tie, and dignified academic robe to begin the first of the three eight-week terms that comprise the English school year. At Oxford, the fall, winter, and spring terms are called Michealmas, Hilary, and Trinity. Six weeks are allowed between terms, which conveniently end at Christmas and Easter. Holidays between terms are not vacations in the American sense, for study continues whether the student is in the Alps on a skiing expedition or at the Riviera, and at the climax of school in June assignments for summer work are handed out. Learning is endless at Oxford and Cambridge.

The importance of the tutors in the educational system of Oxford and Cambridge cannot be over emphasized. Not only are the tutors the central figures of four years in their students' lives, but they are the most respected people in the University. This

respect is far greater than the American college student's respect for professors, for though the tutors invite their proteges to parties, lectures, concerts, vacations, or just a drink, familiarity breeds no contempt. This reverence may well stem from the fact that the student stands or falls by his tutor, as well as the fact that an academic meeting between the two is conducted on a highly dignified level, both men being dressed formally in white tie, cap and gown.

The highlight of the academic week comes with the student's appearance before his tutor to read aloud his weekly essay. These essays are assigned each week by the tutor on a specific subject, and must be all-inclusive of the reading the student has done during the week, rhetorically perfect, and must also be evidence that the student has as complete an understanding of the subject assigned to him as possible. The tutor listens to the essay being read to him, takes notes, quizzes the student on any points left vague after the reading is over, and possibly offers him a cup of tea. After about an hour of reading, discussion and tea-drinking, the student is given another assignment for another week's reading and writing. For an American student, the first few themes are difficult, but eventually their composition becomes largely mechanical.

The sources of information for the completion of these assignments (which may, deceptively, amount to no more than a scrap of paper with "the style of Marlowe" or "French agriculture during the Renaissance" written on it) are the libraries. The Oxford student may possibly go to his college library, but since the college libraries serve, for the most part, only as quick reference centers, he will probably make use of the huge, five million-volume Bodleian Library. Due to the immense size of this library no student is allowed in the stacks. However, those books most likely to be used by Humanities majors are shelved around the walls in large reading rooms. Rare books are as likely to be on these shelves as in the stacks, for there are so many thousands of rare books that they are neither protected nor probably valued as much as the few hundreds of rare books in American universities. Many of the college libraries have medieval manuscripts chained to the walls as they were when first placed in the library centuries before.

Attendance at lectures is not required for graduation from Oxford or Cambridge, but the student's tutor may suggest or even assign lectures from which notes would be valuable. These lectures may be held in the individual colleges and students from other parts of the university may attend, but, as is the case at Oxford, most lectures that are open to all colleges or to the general public are held in large lecture halls in the Schools Building. Whether or not these

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lectures are valuable to the student depends on the lecturer and the subject to be discussed. Most English Literature majors usually find that reading is more beneficial than notes taken from a professor, but, on the other hand, History majors frequently find many interesting and informing points in the History lectures.

All through his college career the student aims at the two weeks of written examinations which culminate his undergraduate work. Cambridge gives a series of tests to the juniors, but Oxford students rely wholly on the final exams to obtain their degrees. The exams are given in from nine to twelve three-hour sittings, two sittings per day. No time is allowed for review, and all the student has learned must be at his fingertips when he chooses three or more questions from each list to discuss. This back-breaking ordeal is followed six weeks later at Oxford by an oral examination dictated by several dons (tutors) in which the student is questioned on his weekly dissertations, the notes his tutor took on the dissertations, and anything else pertaining to the student's field of study. If he satisfactorily completes both the written and the oral, he is granted a B.A. degree, usually with honors.

Seven years after he graduated he is automatically granted an M.A. degree if he received his honors degree. Since admittance to either of these Universities is so difficult, the student is expected to work for honors, as a result of which, since this degree means as much in England as a Ph.D. means in America, few of the dons of Oxford or Cambridge have either Ph.D.'s or Phil.D.'s.

An American student is usually amazed at the appearance of Oxford or Cambridge when compared to American colleges, partly because of the medieval architecture of most of the buildings, but chiefly because of the luxurious living quarters afforded the student both on and off the campus. No Oxford or Cambridge gentleman would consider defacing his dignity by living in a double room, and would prefer not to live in less than two rooms. Even during the crowded days following World War II, each Cambridge student had his own living room and bedroom. The rooms are pleasant, comfortably furnished, a "home away from home" in fact as well as name. Each man living on campus has his "scout," a valet who is in charge of caring for the needs of several students. He wakes them, reminds them of appointments, does the housekeeping in their lodgings, and in general observes every command of his student masters. The only possible discomfort an Oxford or Cambridge student may discover is in the antiquated heating system.

After spending one or two years in college apartments, most students move into "digs," University licensed apartments in town,

which cost about sixteen dollars a month and are even more luxurious than University rooms.

A Cambridge or Oxford gentleman living on campus is required to be inside the gates by midnight or risk being rusticated from the University for a semester or a year. Repeated violation of the curfew may well result in expulsion. Though the gates close at ten-thirty each night, admission may be gained until twelve by paying sixpence for every half hour past the deadline spent outside the gates. However, most students avoid paying the fine by climbing over the wall at the possible expense of mangled clothes. We know of a Cambridge student who, some years ago, resorted to this method of entrance into Trinity college. Unfortunately, the wall he had to climb had spikes on top, and in jumping down from the wall his suspenders caught on one of the spikes. He hung there until the suspenders broke.

The student's rooms are his social headquarters. In them he is free to entertain ladies until ten in the evening, and he may visit the women students in their rooms until six. There are no drinking prohibitions; a student may drink anything in his room at any time and in the company of any man or woman he pleases; furthermore, drinks may be ordered on cash or credit in the basement bars (called by names like "The Buttery") of the men's colleges. Custom and the scarcity of water demand that drinks be served at each meal, which is eaten sitting on oak benches in large halls, beneath ancient rafters, at long tables.

Probably the two greatest distinctions of student life at Oxford and Cambridge are the independence granted the student, which has been explained above, and the conversation. University talk includes very little of the petty football-sex-grades material that pervades American collegiate conversation. On the contrary, the British student, who has been taught the value and art of communication that *says* something, places his conversation on a political, historical, literary, and philosophical level. Students admit that they learn as much in their several hours of conversation each day as they do in their reading, and this ability to discuss intelligibly and intellectually what other people have done, are doing and will do, what is inside other men's minds, and, in fact, what is inside one's own mind, has produced at these universities a standard of self-expression which most American students have difficulty meeting with for many months after their arrival in England.

This conversation, which is considered a major part of the day's activities at Oxford and Cambridge, starts with the midmorning coffee hour, continues at lunch, tea, and dinner, and breaks off

in the early hours of the morning. The life of parties is neither drink nor music or dance, but just talk. And when the student graduates that art is carried with him wherever he goes.

In addition to the scholastic work, the parties, the wall-climbing and the conversation, both Oxford and Cambridge are hives of extra-curricular activity. The world-renowned Oxford debating society, the Oxford Union, holds a weekly meeting at which outstanding men speak before the members and visitors on major issues of the time. Debate is carried on in a more formal manner than even Carolina's debating societies. Both universities are alive with many more groups than most American universities have, and the average student can find at first glance, among various religious, dramatic, political and academic organizations, several in which he is interested. The importance of religion is emphasized by the facts that many of the colleges are named for saints and cathedrals, that clerical men are appointed to administer the affairs of most of the colleges, and that the chapels are the centers of life in separate colleges, for which the Church of England furnishes the liturgy.

In sharp contrast to the American concentration on inter-collegiate sports, intramural sports are the most important form of athletic competition in England. Though some sports, such as Rugby, are played intercollegiately before immense crowds, the intramural inter-college games are more in the limelight. Cricket is popular, but rowing is the favorite sport. Nearly everyone trains for his college's boat, and during Eights Week in the fall and Torpids Week in the spring thousands of spectators gather along the banks of the Thames and Cam Rivers to witness the races. On the Cam River an unusual form of racing is employed. Due to the narrowness of the river, one boat cannot pass another without risking smashed oars and general chaos. As a result, Cambridge races are called "bump" races; that is, the boats line up in single file, and the object is not to pass the boat ahead, but to bump its stern. A "bump" gains the following boat the place in line of the boat ahead of it, and the final results of the races are not known until the end of the week, when all the "bumps" have been tallied. The best oarsmen from each university are chosen to vie for the championship between the two.

With the policy of student independence, and the student's acceptance of responsibility for his own education, there has developed at Oxford and Cambridge a unique combination of study and play which permits the student to learn with a peace and freedom of mind unknown to most American college students. Since there are no pop quizzes, hour exams, or mid-terms, the British student is

released from the uncomfortable fate of having his attainments and abilities reduced to a mere string of numbers or letter grades; he is strengthened instead by the fact that any record of him maintained on paper is not due to his ability to retain facts just long enough to write them down, but the result of knowledge that he himself has unearthed or conceived and presented in his own words. Thus it may be said that Oxford and Cambridge students for the most part educate themselves; this is recognizable as a form of experience, and since experience is acknowledged to be the best teacher, it can be said with some safety that no finer education is obtainable than that offered by the universities on the Thames and Cam.

Semper Fidelis ?

by Ben Greenwald

The napes of noble English necks
 ('Tis written)
 Were seldom safe from Henry Rex
 Of Britain.
 No safer were the necks of girls
 He wedded:
 Two shuffled off their mortal curls—
 Beheaded.
 When one considers he gave bland
 Endorsement
 To both decapitation and
 Divorcement,
 One marvels that King Henry Eighth
 (The vandal!)
 Should make "Defender of the Faith"
 His handle.
 For, far from being Faith's own true
 Protector,
 The heretic elected to
 Reject her.
 To carry on the Tudor strain
 Royal Harry
 Three Kates, two Annes and one plain Jane
 Did marry.
 Six queens in all this monarch led
 Bride-bed-ward.

A State to Stay Out Of

by Raymond Lowery

Selma Jackson was barely eleven, but she was always coming up with some perfectly outlandish scheme for putting life into Sunday afternoon. One sunshiny day after church I looked out the window and saw her standing under the big shade tree in our yard, popping leaves on her fist and kicking acorns on the driveway. She was a red-headed little trick, and quick-tempered, but cute as a paper doll and scared of nothing alive. I may be old now—I am old now—but I was hardly twelve then. I ran out on the porch and crowed a greeting.

"Moouooo," she said. "Let's drive a car somewhere."

"Whose car?" I asked indifferently.

"We can drive one of them on the lot."

"Are they any keys in 'em?"

"Meouooo," she said. "They might be a key in one. Come on."

Now I had never driven a car, but I had been wanting to drive one for the longest kind of a time, and this looked like the chance I had been waiting for. Selma's father, who slept with a whiskey bottle on weekends, was the owner of a used-car lot, and he and Selma lived alone on the outskirts of town. Mr. Jackson kept from fifteen to twenty cars on the lot, which had an asphalt floor with a tiny auctioneer's booth in the center of it and a wire fence all around. Selma and I crossed the avenue at the end of the block, walked unconcernedly past the police department and along a quiet street to the rear of the enclosure, climbed the fence, unfastened the gate and left it standing open. We peered inside a Studebaker convertible, but there was no key in it, and so we moved on to an Oldsmobile sedan, but there was no key in it either, and the doors were locked, as were the doors to most of the cars. We had checked about a dozen when, to our joy, we stumbled on this four-door Chevrolet with a rear window half open and a key in the ignition. I slid under the steering wheel and Selma popped in on the other side. I knew everything there was to know about driving a Chevvy, I told her, and all I needed was to get the feel of that particular model. I may have scraped a fender getting the slightly used car out on the street, but I accomplished the feat with comparative ease, I thought, for a first-timer. Without bothering to ask directions, and refusing outright to stop for traffic signals, we tore out of town at a fast clip, sounding the horn at all signs of life along the way. Selma bumped her hands and knees together and squealed.

"Quo vadis?" I asked as we rolled along a smooth country road.

"Quien sabe?" she said.

We'd picked up the two foreign expressions at the movies and seldom missed an opportunity to use them.

Just then we spotted a mileage marker with an arrow pointing ahead to South Carolina.

"South Carolina!" I shouted. It didn't seem possible we had gone that far.

I gave the hand brake a quick yank that pitched Selma off on the floor mat. The South Carolina line was a mere ten miles from town, but I had never crossed it and didn't intend to until I got old enough to own firearms. I had not heard anything good about a South Carolinian and wanted to be traveling in another direction fast.

When Selma began to realize she was alive and not even hurt she crawled back on the seat and jumped all over me. "You goon!" she cried. "You couldn't drive a nail." Her eyes blazed as she smacked the dust from her skirt. "You're going to kill us both."

"Hell fire, Selma!" I said, speeding up just a little. "We can't go to South Carolina."

"Why not?"

"Why not! If you weren't so new around here, you'd know why not. Those people are not at all like the folks in this state."

We were crawling along about fifteen miles an hour and I was trying to spot a side road up ahead. Some violent thing, possibly my heart, was kicking up a frenzy in my chest and I was beginning to feel weak in even the strongest places. Any native-born North Carolinian has brains enough to stay away from South Carolinians.

"I want to see them," Selma said presently.

"But why?" I protested. "You don't know what they're like."

"Want to see what they're like," she persisted. "I'll drive."

"No, you don't," I said, gripping the wheel. "We'll go down there on the edge of the state. Maybe if we look across the line we can see one."

I told her to shut the windows and lock the doors, and to be quick about it, or I was going back, and I would sure have gone. Up there in Virginia, where she came from, they most likely take it for granted the residents of South Carolina are no different from the residents of North Carolina. Well, there is a world of difference, although it is hard to say exactly what the difference is. One very odd thing about South Carolinians is that they appear to be content to live in a naturally inferior state. Now you might think the more sensible ones would have moved out of there long ago, but so few

have been away from home the majority is unaware of what the country in general is like. Some of them, of course, have no choice but to stay put. A man getting into trouble in North Carolina invariably skedaddles to South Carolina, where he apparently feels at home with the rest of the undesirables. This has been going on for so many years the state of South Carolina now is made up in no small part by the worst element in North Carolina. I wouldn't live there myself for a million dollars, tax free, and just about all the folks I know in Variety Springs feel the same way. But try and explain a thing like this to an outsider or a newcomer.

Selma smiled faintly. "I never heard anything so silly in my whole life."

That tore it, but good. "Now listen," I said. "Daggone it! Even the kids down there are so cussed mean, I heard, if you talk to 'em, they spit in your face. A fellow my brother knows went to Blackburg on some business, and while he was in the picture-show—they don't get any first-run shows, just second-run—his cousin slashed his tires and stole all his gas."

"They do that in North Carolina," she said. "Certain persons."

"Sure," I said. "But not to their own blood kin. Down there they'd as soon lynch a fellow as look at him. They're such law-breakers, a boy told me, even the little towns have three or four jails. A man's just a plain fool to go messing around in that state. All the preachers carry knives."

"They do not."

"They do so. And they's such terrible high taxes on things, people going to Florida wait'll they get down in Georgia somewhere before buying anything. Laugh. If you buy something, they always trick you. You're lucky if you don't get hit on the head and robbed."

"It's just talk, I bet," Selma said unsteadily. It was plain she was getting uneasy.

When we got to the state line we stopped on the North Carolina side and looked across at the great fields of cotton, the dark pine forests and the spongy asphalt road off which heat waves rose and hovered. High in the blue a small flock of turkey buzzards circled in an ever-tightening circle, and the plaintive call of a thrush suddenly broke the listening, watching stillness of the unfamiliar countryside. Already I had seen enough, but Selma kept egging me on. We were taking a mighty awful chance, I told her, but she wouldn't listen, and called me yellow until I'd taken the plunge.

Almost immediately I could sense we were no longer in the Old North State. South Carolina seemed to smell different; the very air was harder to breathe. Couldn't see a soul nowhere, and was

I ever glad. All I wanted was to be a little bit north of where I was, but then I looked at the gas gauge and, oh, no! it registered about five miles past empty.

I scolded Selma for not having checked on the stuff before we started out, and she put the blame on me. We shouted and made faces at each other, and it was back and forth with us for a mile or two. Up ahead the road lay flat and unswerving without even a billboard which might have indicated a gas station in the vicinity. Both of us were aching to head back, but it was too late now.

I was beginning to feel the way I used to feel just before I started getting scared. For we were trapped, and in a part of the country I chose to regard as hostile; tearing along an empty road in a stolen automobile; running out of gas; not a driver's license between us, and us too young to be driving in the first place. Sure. All those little things in addition to the fact, just discovered, that we had no money. Not even a brownie. We had squandered everything on Sunday school.

Not unexpectedly then, the car began to lose speed; and when I choked her, the engine took on new life; but in a few seconds it sputtered, and gasped, and died. It would not start again. I was pure disgusted. So was Selma. I knew she was expecting me to do something heroic—walk or hitch a ride to the nearest telephone—and I was giving this some thought when a Buick convertible crept up behind us and crunched to a stop. When the driver threw open a door and jumped out, old Selma grabbed a flashlight from the glove compartment, but I took it away from her, sat tight, and waited.

A neatly dressed young man of about thirty walked up to our car and looked in. When I made no move to lower the window, he shouted, "What's your trouble?"

We shook our heads, but he kept standing there.

"Better pull off the road," he said at the top of his voice. "Somebody might come along and smack into you. Want to be smacked into?"

He looked like a nice fellow. I rolled the glass down just a trifle. "Do you live in South Carolina?" I asked anxiously.

"Sure do," he said.

I wound the glass back up.

"Look," he said crossly. "If there's something wrong, why not let me help you? Don't sit here in the middle of the road."

He sounded like he meant it. Selma rolled her glass down an inch or so, and I grabbed her right arm. "Watch out!" I cried.

"That's more like it," he said, walking around to the other side of the car. He pulled off his hat, smiled, jerked a green handkerchief

out of a pocket in his white linen suit, and wiped his forehead. "Lord, it's a hot time. Now, what is it's wrong?"

"Nothing," I said. But Selma said, "N-no gas."

"I didn't know Chevvy's ever ran out," he said. "If I had a can, I'd let you have some. Got a can?"

I shook my head. Selma got out and had a look in the trunk. She didn't find anything; not even a piece of hose. I trembled.

"You come with me," he said. "I'll get you gas some place. Bring your wife along. Wait a minute, though, till I push you off the road. Just stay under the wheel and let your brakes off."

After he'd shoved us off on the shoulder, Selma got out, but I wouldn't budge. "You can't tell about him," I said uneasily.

"I got him judged pretty well," she said. "I can just about always tell about people if I hear 'em talk. I don't think he's lived in South Carolina long."

He drove up beside us and honked the horn. Reluctantly I got out and climbed into the car after Selma, sinking tentatively into sun-baked leather upholstery that seared through my clothing.

"Where we going?" Selma asked, squirming.

"Down home," our benefactor said. "A big reunion's going on. You just might get a little something to eat with your gasoline."

"Do you have any watermelons?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "Plenty of watermelon."

"And ice cream?" asked Selma.

"Plenty of ice cream," he said.

"What's a reunion?" I asked.

"Sort of a family gathering. Have it every summer. Don't you have them up in North Carolina?"

"No, we don't have them," I said. "At least, I never been to none." We were doing all of eighty or ninety miles an hour, but it didn't seem like it. His name was Cole, he said. Cole Spangler. We told him ours.

"Y'all come far?" he wanted to know.

"From Variety Springs," I said. "It's a good town."

"It's one of the best towns in the whole country," Cole said. "Were you born there?"

"I was. She was born in Virginia."

"Virginia," he said. "A great state."

"Do you like South Carolina?" Selma asked him.

"Like all states," he said. "Big, little; orange or purple. Every one is O.K. I've been in all of them except North Dakota. Don't know how I missed it, but the chances are it's just another South Dakota."

He looked down and grinned at us, and said, "I'm so hungry I could eat a young Indian. Alive." Then he really opened up the big car, and the next thing we knew it had stopped in front of a honey of an old place a quarter of a mile off the highway in a poplar grove. For every car in the yard at least a half a dozen Spanglers were seated on or hanging off the wide front porch. A big brown and white collie scampered out to greet us. Cole walked hurriedly up the path to the house, and we tagged along, the dog snapping playfully at our heels. When we reached the porch the women stopped rocking, and the men sprawled on the steps got up and dusted their trousers.

"Coleman," asked an elderly man with a turkey feather in his hand, "who's your company?"

"Dad," said Cole. "I want you to meet Miss Selma Jackson and Mr. Robert Webb, a couple of North Carolinians who decided to pay our state a visit."

Cole had one big hand on Selma's head, the other hand on mine.

"Thomas Lassiter Spangler," said the old man, extending both hands. "You're very welcome here. Do you have flies up in North Carolina?"

"No, sir," I said.

"Yes, we do," said Selma.

He walked over to the screen door and waved his feather at a Negro maid in the hall. She came out on the porch directly with several tall glasses of lemonade. The old man picked up two and gave them to us. Then, taking one for himself, he said: "You see here a starving man, and all he's heard from the women hereabouts is 'patience.' Ho!" He took a long drink of lemonade. "Try to make an empty stomach understand the word."

Cole dropped his hands to our shoulders. "Our guests need gas," he said. "They ran out."

The old man dumped the ice out of his glass and tossed it, cube by cube, at some chickens in the yard. "Ran out, did they?" he said. "About eight miles back."

He looked at us with incredulity. "You two little tadpoles drive a car?" he asked.

"Yes, sir" I said.

He busted out with a roar of laughter.

"Jesus Lord and Saviour!" he swore. "What are your ages?"

I told him.

Naturally, he was a little amazed. Grabbing the small of his back with a gnarled hand, he let himself down gently on the floor

of the porch and slapped at a fly. "I suppose you'll be getting married soon," he said gloomily.

"Not me," snapped Selma.

Just then a pleasantly stout old lady with a happy face joined the crowd on the porch. "It's ready," she announced. "All of you ready?"

"Merciful God," said Cole's father, rising with some difficulty. "I thought I'd die." He jerked open the screen door and waited politely for his guests to lead the way through the house.

"Coleman," said the pleasingly plump woman who was the mother or grandmother of at least half of the people on the porch, "show Bobby and Selma where to wash up." Don't ask me how she knew our names. Don't even ask me.

"Right," said Cole, shooing us into the house and down through the hall to a bathroom. That business taken care of, we followed the rest of the stragglers to a barn-long table in the back yard. I don't reckon I ever saw so much food in one place. There were all kinds of things I liked, and a lot of things I wasn't sure if I liked or not, but I did like them, as it turned out, and ate too much of everything. Little Selma put away almost as much as I did, but neither of us could keep up with those crazy South Carolinians, who are actually gluttons, if you want to know the truth. Mrs. Spangler appeared to get very angry when anyone quit eating even for a minute. She accused us of hurting her feelings.

Nobody hurt the feelings of the delightfully chubby old lady, I am convinced, although there was a great deal of food left over. Selma and I couldn't help it. We were stuffed. So what did the Spanglers do but unload the stuff on us. Sure. They stacked it in Cole's car for transfer to ours. Oh, we tried to stop them, but they weren't to be stopped. Watermelons, cantaloupes, fried chicken, all kinds of sandwiches. Ugh.

Then we spotted old Mr. Spangler coming up from the barn with a five-gallon can of gas. It was embarrassing not to be able to pay him for it, but he was a man who scorned money. Or that's what he said. All he wanted out of us was a promise to come back and ride some of his horses. Selma promised, but I had heard how dangerous Palmetto horses are. Nearly everyone at the reunion walked out to the car to see us off and acted as though they hated to see us leave. We hated to leave.

Our old car hadn't budged, and I was crazy glad to see it.

"Take it easy, kids," Cole said, after pouring gas in the tank and piling food in the back seat.

"You take it easy, Cole," I said.

"And thanks trillions," added Selma.

He said to forget it.

On the way home Selma began to rave about what wonderful, generous people the South Carolinians are. "There's just nothing they won't do for you," she said glowingly.

They had treated us nicely enough, I agreed. "But it's a way they have of concealing their true nature," I explained. "It'd be a different story if we ever went down there again."

"You know," she said, "I don't think you're very bright."

"If you're so bright," I countered, "you might figure out what were gonna do with that crap in back." Stopping at her house was out of the question, because we'd just passed it and Mr. Jackson was staggering around in the front yard. I whipped past the parking lot, but some guys I knew were standing near the gate, and the gate was closed. Going to my house with the load was unthinkable. The sight of me behind a steering wheel would have caused seven or eight members of my family to drop dead on the spot.

"Moouoo," Selma bawled. "Let's go to the airport and ditch the car."

"Airport?" I said. "Why th—"

She meowed. "Might get to ride in an airplane." She extended her fingers and moved her hand up and down in imitation of a plane in flight. "Quien sabe?"

"O.K.," I said quickly. "Gimme a sandwich."

Hill Of The Whistling Tree

by Lawrence Lipton

This land is struck with bigness for
 A man's last outgoing; here the finback
 Promontory dives from litmus mountains
 Paper thin and flatter than my hand
 In dust-gold sundown to the sea;
 Fanged wave on broken rock, and high
 On the windy hill a gnomy dwarf pine
 Spastic in the chopping wind
 Whistles wryly to himself. And I
 Am thrall and seabound, fettered to a shape
 And shadow of myself when young
 To leave the sunloved lands behind,
 The moonblessed pools, and follow where he led
 To finback mountains and a sea-tooth wind.

Behind me lay the loved doomed houses
Comfortably kind, wherein my foot
Unbidden visited so many times,
My hand came uninvited to the board,
Yet rootless I had found no root;
Hunted down and cornered between night
And day, as fabled elephants go down
To some far undiscovered tryst
And bridal bed with death, and came
To land's end, horizons misted, lost
In dim tomorrows bright in the mind's eye
Moved by an excess of joy to sadness
And the sense of death, to this gnomy dwarf
And the hill of the whistling tree.

Moonset followed hard on sunset
And the night was kind, here it is dawn
That brings cold fear, and here he came
Who comes but once, and beckoning,
With hollow eye and grin. I would not
Take my death of him, for I had business
Far beyond his reckoning.
And ever since against the world's wind
Hunched, on stolen time, I stalk
The vision promised at the start,
The loved doomed houses cleansed, man humanized,
And fear to lest by mischance
I meet too soon the summons in his eyes
Who takes no heed of time or circumstance.

Poste Restante

by K. P. A. Taylor

Here we have small birds
that announce a letter.
All last week I saw them
from my window.
Last evening, it came.

You seemed very near.
Tales of your days passing
so divided

I felt part of them.
Life slips by us so.

Now the rainy season
is upon us;
all our dry days are forgotten
—wind and rain.
Day past day the dock is laden with boats,
the yard filled with freight.
Fruit trains pass day and night.

Yes, once we had Fr. Kelly
in our house in Zacapa.
He is one who never forgets;
he always had a good word for us.

Here it is difficult to talk.
I watch the boats from my window
over the dock. I can't go
to pictures often; I see few people.
I think of the day you sailed
from the livid dock (so many years ago)
and I walked back, on the long dock,
 under the sun,
to the commissary and my room.

Now Charles is dead
life has become long.
You wouldn't know me, probably.

People are very kind.

To you and Jonathan
all my thought. I pray
every good thing
may come to you,
for your inheritance.

The Old Man From Memphis

by Wyatt Helsabeck

*"Things have got to be said by the upstarts and the misfits—
Things that the substantial people cannot say."*

Jack Spurgeon remembered that right there in the hibiscus, not five miles from Port Moresby, he had shot an unidentified Japanese soldier in the face. It was not a comforting feeling to believe he had come to New Guinea simply to kill; and perhaps it was that feeling, one of the gadflies of his life, that brought him back to Moresby to open the new school. Whatever his motive may have been, he was in a position now to help these people who knew too much about death. Then the message came: An old man from Memphis is looking for you; he has come to see the new school. What shall we do about this old man from Memphis?

Spurgeon rubbed his hand over the young cockatoo in the bronze ring and remembered. He had always had to please the old man in Memphis, where he first decided to become an educator; and he came to know him better in Norfolk after so many of the details of his assignment had been settled. Mr. Hudson was the only man he had ever known who was capable of making a mistake in South Africa while he himself was far away in Memphis. Until this man came, he had almost forgotten how sick he had become of pleasing first one fanatic and then another, from his high school teachers and their stiff correctness to those intolerable old men in the university who were forever insisting that "things have got to be said; and yet people have got to be pleasant and have nothing to say." To deal with Mr. Hudson, who was never pleasant and who always had something disturbing to say, seemed impossible. But looking ahead to that significant time when he might break all the honored watches and conventional jewelry of a droll progress from egg to earthquake, a series of bad translations by over-confident men, and then with his own hands and his own mind give time a few new meanings, Jack Spurgeon had endured the old man from Memphis.

Knowing the old man was in Port Moresby caused Spurgeon to surmise that the new school had already begun to reach insolently into the substantial seminars back home; this little arrogant emissary represented an entire society of antagonists, no less than the Japanese soldier lying there in the hibiscus with his face gone. He had come to scold. People had kept telling Spurgeon for ten years that he could have made so much of his life if he had only been

pleasant and had nothing to say about the things that had already been decided and handed down to him. It was such a pity that he had not practiced these insane little genuflections which are an enforced part of the classroom ritual in Memphis or anywhere else where the things which have already been decided upon are carefully protected from emotional men like Jack Spurgeon.

He remembered the French teacher who had tried to bargain with him. She left fruit cake in his foyer, with little notes attached: "Did it never occur to you that perhaps I am your only success after all?" "I am having lunch in the cafeteria at one, and there's so much I'd like to talk about, so much I'd like to say." She was just like all the rest of the people he'd met; and he'd broken her heart, he supposed, trying to keep doubt out of his own. He thought he had at last discovered a way to deal with the custodians of the droll progress—from fumbling lips and alibis to the tick-tack-toe of the professional world. You simply turn off all the lights in the quiet house and leave without an announcement. You give the tiny bugling voices a chance to say you are cowardly and have run away at last, and they are pleased beyond words at that; you open the valves to all sorts of speculation as to where you've gone and what mischief you intend; and finally you simply walk away from the things that have already been decided and the people who make the bad translations that have to be avenged.

It worked all right with the women you didn't love, and with the men you had no special contact with except through an overture over a cup of coffee, an alibi, and a night in a strange little town of curfews. But there were still some men, like Mr. Hudson, with whom it would never work. He bit his lips and began to wish he did not have to decide what to do about the old man from Memphis, whom he had always identified with an insatiable silverfish. He would take one look at the experimental school in Moresby and start at once writing letters to Memphis deploring the emotional situation and demanding that something be done to discourage this "highly emotional man" before he did irreparable damage to the profession.

It was too late to wish Mr. Hudson had not come; it was too late to see the Australian authorities and invent some ruse to prevent this second invader who came like the Japanese soldier from Kokoda. Wasn't the intrusion just as dangerous? Spurgeon would have to drive his station wagon down Rouna Valley into Moresby, a trip he had often made in thirty minutes, but only at his own hazard. Maybe in that time he could muster a lot of courage and think of a way to protect what he had worked so hard to establish and at the same

time satisfy Mr. Hudson that there was no use coming so far to investigate.

He got up very early, put his house boy to work tidying up the red-roofed house he had bought from an Australian-Papuan service unit at the high upper entrance to the valley of the swift Rouna River. Then he started after the old man from Memphis, who had notified him that he was staying at the Papuan Hotel and was impatient to see the new school and send home his report. The idea of a report struck Spurgeon as a brazen attack on his judgment. And when a man's judgment is questioned, especially if he is an educator, he gets very angry and forgets many of the social graces he has been taught in Memphis and Norfolk. Jack Spurgeon forgot how the untranslated jungle valley, with its black rocks and papayas, its perpendicular cliff walls alive with dark green creepers and hundreds of cockatoos, could make him wish there was nothing to do but explore their dangers, find them and adore them and leave them as they were. It was dreadful to him to remember how the schools taught you to translate everything you saw into the droll terms of an Oxford society, without regard for anything but a sort of obsession to translate. If a man really loved the mountains, he could not spend his life translating them into sites for summer resorts; if he really loved anything, he would not think of taking the power in it that had inspired his love and translating it into an academic robot that would surely in time disgust him.

By the time Jack Spurgeon had reached the tiny hotel in Moresby, the prospect of meeting the man who had always told him exactly what to do about everything was almost unbearable. He almost turned around; but however unpleasant it was, he knew he could not simply drive away and expect the old man from Memphis to go home.

It is the manner of men like Mr. Hudson to anticipate everything and impress the people with whom they deal that they are always ready for whatever comes up. And so it was that Mr. Hudson was waiting in front of the hotel, sitting on a suitcase under a mango tree. His impatience had persisted into an age at which most men realize the value of becoming fairly pleasant and having nothing of great significance to say. He got up and waved his umbrella at Jack Spurgeon and struck at a young Papuan boy with a hibiscus blossom in his thick hair. He was angered by the boy's easy island manner.

"Spurgeon, I warn you," he cried, shaking the umbrella as though it were a carbine. "If things are as bad here as I've heard they are—well, the association will withdraw every penny of its

support. And you know very well you can't do without it."

Spurgeon smiled and tried to ignore the old man's belligerency. There never had been any use quarreling with him. "The association's been very kind," he said. "And I've been as careful with the money as I could be. I think if you'll examine my school fairly and consider what I'm trying to do here—"

The old man from Memphis shook his umbrella again, and a cockatoo screamed from the mango branches overhead in the hotel yard. "Fairly! Look here, young man, there's only one way to examine anything, and particularly this "experimental" school of yours. If it fulfils the requirements of its parent organization, its worth supporting. When you take our money, Mr. Spurgeon, you also accept our standards."

It was difficult for Spurgeon to suppress his distaste for the droll idea, but Mr. Hudson was a force, however incomprehensible, with whom he had to deal. He remembered when the old man was teaching English in Memphis and how he insisted that no idea could hold water unless it was accompanied by footnotes referring to very important persons in the library. And he had gone to another college to get his degree, because he resented having his morality and his view of man and the universe handed down to him from nebulous centuries of research through an arrogant old man of letters.

He had not been able to think of anything to do but shoot the Japanese soldier in the face. There was nothing else anybody could have done, he told himself. But there was at least an understanding between him and the old man, however either of them might have felt about the enemy being more dangerous than another. With the Papuan boy's help he soon had the investigator's baggage in the station wagon and was driving back up the slopes of Moresby through the tiers of red-roofed houses. He loved the island so much that he took every opportunity to praise it. He could not drive from the ocean into the gorgeous green mountains without recalling his own delightful experiences at Milne Bay and in the Kokoda trail country during and after the war. The jungle country, stretching away on the steep plateau above the waterfall, could completely absorb a man into its confidences and give him a feeling of having been suddenly fused with the elements he and his forbears had spent centuries trying to translate into their own droll terms. He thought he might be able to transmit that feeling freely, through some incomprehensible osmotic process, into Mr. Hudson. He began to talk.

"Mr. Hudson, I came here for what I consider a good reason. I learned quite a lot about these people and this country while all of

us, here and elsewhere in the world, were trying to decide just who our most dangerous enemies were. I once shot a Japanese soldier they told me was my enemy, and yet there are enemies I've never lifted a finger against who are worse by far."

The old man snorted. "If you're trying to say something new, it's no use, Spurgeon. Everything worth saying has already been said and plagiarized a thousand times. I consider every man my enemy who doesn't agree with me."

"Then you've no problem but to dispose of your enemies' having already identified them. How do you do it?"

"How do I do what?"

"How do you dispose of your enemies?"

The old man squirmed. "A little paper work's the most civilized way. No violence attempted. Intelligent men don't resort to violence, because they can settle things with a little paper work."

Spurgeon hesitated, then thought he had remembered the exact words he wanted to say. "I believe a man has to take many experiences into account before he can really accomplish anything toward developing and encouraging the originality of these simple people. After all, it seems to me that the encouragement of originality, wherever it can be found, is the educator's primary purpose."

The old man snorted again and pointed his umbrella. "So you've decided to redefine the terms to suit yourself, the entire process by which we came to know the wisdom of antiquity. That will go nicely in my report, I'm sure. Yes, very nicely." And he paused to jot down Spurgeon's word in his notebook.

"Report, Mr. Hudson?"

"Certainly. You don't imagine I came here to admire the hibiscus on the mountaintops or to devise a language with which I, and I alone, can talk with the cockatoos and the wallabies?" The sarcasm did not accomplish the finality he had wished; he paused, then snorted again, a little nervously. "What difference does it make to me whether you shot a Japanese soldier? That was war. I shall make my report the first thing in the morning, after I've looked at the new school."

"But you don't know my problems; you don't know the requirements of life here."

"Oh, yes I do. Bread, water, and sex, the same as in Memphis."

"You can't help these people until you find out what they consider their reason for being, until you know what are the enemies they must conquer or co-exist with."

"You haven't changed a bit, have you? Well, it really doesn't matter. We've made up our minds anyhow. I want to see your school at once. And I don't care to hear any more about your Japanese

soldier."

It would have been so much more gratifying to take the old man for a ride in the jungle, as far as the roads extended, back where it was no unusual sight to see a wallaby leap to its death over the station wagon from a high grass bank at midnight, or to watch the Papuans building valleys full of absurd little houses. Maybe Mr. Hudson ought to hack his way with a machete (knife) over the sharp ridges back in the Kokoda country and watch the hawks dealing with their enemies. Maybe he should visit one of the villages stilted over a hostile ocean and notice the lean brown dogs and the women nursing a pig at one breast and a child at the devil.

But Mr. Hudson did not care to see New Guinea, and the fact that people, as well as animals, had to have some definite, practical way to deal with their enemies did not seem very important to him. He wanted to see the school. The fever of translation was in his mind. He would look in his notebooks for something substantial to which he could refer the new school, and finding nothing satisfactory there, he would refer it and its founder to the devil.

Spurgeon took him to the school, which straddled the ridge of a steep hill overlooking the Balagoma Valley. There you could see into the Australian barracks stretching along the river banks of limes and tangerines and coconut palms and you knew that everything that existed there was alive only because it had identified its most inevitable enemy and somehow had contrived to overcome it. The untranslated power of rubber forests and the unREFERRED, unsubstantial religion of the thousand valleys of absurd houses were at all times there for the schoolboy to consider whenever he turned his head to the windows. Sometimes the parakeets would sweep the noises out of the valleys and sometimes the insects would sing in spite of certain destruction.

Mr. Hudson was never as thorough in his investigation of external conditions as he was in his examination of a text or a thesis. He had a religious fever for the one, and an uncompromising contempt for the other. Within half an hour the old man had translated the entire school and its materials into the terms of his organization, and he bravely announced his intentions of demanding an immediate replacement for Spurgeon. "I hope you've something in mind to do here or somewhere else when the time comes, Spurgeon. Something that won't degrade you. Don't ever degrade yourself. And don't go to pieces over this. Find something more suited to your outlook. Trading with the natives might be the very thing for you. Yes, I think so."

He put away his papers in his black brief case and clapped Spurgeon on the shoulder. Spurgeon made no attempt to conceal

his bitterness. He suddenly wanted to take the old scholar by the neck, choke him until he could have nothing to say about anything, and then leave him in the kunai grass for the ravens. The same thing was happening to him now that had happened in Memphis. He had been naive enough to suppose there was something in higher education besides daily genuflection to unalterable law. And though he had watched the lady on crutches losing her identity and the young men in tweed growing lean on cramming for examinations, he still believed in referring things first to life, that translates itself when there is time for new meanings. And while he was struggling for something to say, outside on the lawns and in the telephone booths men and women were fumbling with definitions of love, and boys were sleeping with old men for money, and people who thought they had no enemies were getting exactly what they wanted with a thousand peculiar overtures.

He had thought such an experience could not repeat itself; yet here, far away in New Guinea, the old man from Memphis was telling him he had failed again and would have to find something else to do with his unquestionable talent. Mr. Hudson was thoroughly pleased with himself, now that the job was safely over and he was ready to make his report. He could afford to be pleasant now. He even found time to observe the scenery and talk about it freely.

"Yes, indeed, Spurgeon—this is beautiful country here. But it has a primitive stupidity about it. Everything's fighting out there in the valleys, and there's no reason for it. You can almost watch the savage little cycles of nature trying to redistribute all this antagonistic raw material, this upstart energy. What it needs is a little direction—from responsible persons, of course—a little reference to something we can trust. Nature herself gets hysterical and inefficient sometimes and we have to shake her a bit to get the goodies." He took a deep, satisfying breath and smiled at Spurgeon.

The younger man gripped the steering wheel and bit his lips. The bodies at Buna, lodged in the treetops looping over the enemy caves, were not as provoking as this—not even the burning that took place near the gasoline cans over across from Wakde had made him so angry. Enemies, and enemies, and enemies! He remembered another one, grinning out of Peabody, self-styled little cockalorum with long cigarette holder and the look of a boiled martyr. "Your lack of a positive attitude in my class has forced me to fail you. I don't know what your future plans in the field of education may be; but in spite of these none-too-cheerful words, let me wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." And then there was the inspired clown who followed and fixed his terms and enjoyed a

whack at psychiatry. Education! The only way you could get one that wouldn't sicken you was to pick off what you could find here and there from ambush, out of the fury of the truceless war. As he thought of the little man who had always told him what to do, and of the other clowns he had met at one important place after another, he remembered the many cups of coffee and the many alibis and the countless little indignities you could bring upon yourself when you were tired of classrooms—in the cold rooms, under the blue blankets, things impossible to translate. And he took Mr. Hudson farther than he had ever taken anyone with him before, up into the Kokoda country to the exact spot where he had shot the Japanese soldier in the face. The old man's frequent use of his handkerchief and his reiterated hope that Spurgeon "would not go to pieces over this," showed that he was afraid, out here where his terms meant so little.

That report in the brief case, based on one man's censure, would go out in the morning. "Things have got to be said; yet people have got to be pleasant and have nothing to say." He remembered the uncertain phrasing, and he suddenly wanted to change it. He had always believed it should have been said differently, ever since he began his skirmishes with the one-eyed giants. "Things have got to be said by the upstarts and the misfits, things that the substantial people cannot say."

He stood there in the hibiscus bushes, not three feet from the carbine he kept in the back of the station wagon. He was considering what sort of enemies he would have to deal with after the report in the brief case had gone through and insecurity was again his gadfly.

The old man from Memphis got out of the station wagon, and for once in his life he had nothing to say. He stood off in the bushes and was trembling as he watched Spurgeon walk toward the carbine. Quietly Jack Spurgeon raised his arms to his shoulder as though he were holding a rifle, and slowly and deliberately he aimed at the old man from Memphis. He made an explosive sound with his lips as he aimed, and the harmless but significant little sound echoed down into the quiet valley. Then he opened the door of the station wagon and stood aside while the old man from Memphis nervously climbed in, clutching his brief case. "Be careful with the carbine," he said. "It's loaded."

When the old man from Memphis got out of the station wagon and walked unsteadily back toward the hotel, he had nothing to say. He stopped under the mango tree, though, and quietly watched Jack Spurgeon driving up the steep road, where the red roofs of the absurd houses seemed to have become extremely significant.

'Twas The Night Before Christmas

by Vin Cassidy

Slowly the cell gates swung open and old Nicholas of Patara walked out. He had not served all of his sentence but, in addition to time off for good behavior, the authorities had been influenced by the continuing prayers and petitions of those interested in his well being. Nicholas had shown considerable surprise when informed of this. He had not thought that anyone remembered him after so many years. Some did but he did not know who. He could not even guess.

In the first place, who knew he was here? Most people, he felt sure, would be of the opinion that he had passed to his heavenly reward years before and these, if they thought of him at all, probably imagined him sitting on a fleecy white cloud making celestial music on a harp. After all, he had always been regarded as a good man, a clerical pillar of his community. If only he had tried a little harder to control his temper he might never have ended up in— But the point was, if people were not aware of his plight, whose prayers and petitions had shortened his stay here?

Regulations did not allow such names to be divulged. Nick, however, was determined to know who his well-wishers were. After the Warden of Purgatory Prison had shaken his hand and offered his usual formula of congratulations and after his fellow prisoners had summoned smiles to hide their enviousness and cheerily informed him that this corner of Hell would never be quite the same without him, Nicholas of Patara set about to discover his benefactors.

"Well, old man," the Warden had said, "I know how happy you must be. All the arrangements have been made. Transportation will be here presently. A room has been reserved for you. You'll find things much pleasanter there."

Noticing that old Nick did not seem to be properly elated, the Warden turned for moral support to one of his lieutenants. "It's a very nice place, isn't it, Charles?"

"Heavenly" was the prompt reply.

"Are they there?" Nick asked.

"Who?"

"The people who helped me get out."

The Warden hesitated a moment, "N-no," he said.

"Must I go directly there?"

"No," said the Warden, "but I felt it wiser that you did. You

know that temper of yours and it would never do to get in trouble when—"

Nick cut him short. "I should appreciate it, sir, if you let me worry about that. When must I check in up there?"

The warden was somewhat irked but suppressed his anger dutifully. There was the barest trace of displeasure in his curt reply. "Within twelve hours."

Nick next asked if any regulation prohibited his being taken at least to a vicinity where he might possibly find out who his well-wishers were, and why?

The Warden was dubious but obligingly consulted his books of regulations. Finally, after a diligent search, he nodded. It would be all right. He spoke in hushed tones for a few moments to the Lieutenant in charge of transportation. A short time later the old man was led into a strangely glowing circular vessel. Suddenly everything seemed to blur. The disk began to move. In what seemed an instant, it settled gently and stopped. The door reopened and for the first time in over 1600 years Nicholas of Patara walked out upon the Earth.

In the light of fading day he stood engrossed for a moment by his surroundings. The Earth did not look as different as he had expected. Information he had gleaned from newcomers to Purgatory had colored his concept of how the Earth must now appear.

He was standing in a wooded area. The ground was strewn with fallen leaves. Before him the grove opened upon a field. A few minutes later his sandaled feet were moving quickly down a dirt road. The cold spurred him to walk briskly, his white robes clutched tightly around him.

If this, he thought, was that warden's idea of a joke, it wasn't funny. But somehow he could not believe that it was a joke. Still, someone should have seen to it that he had the proper clothes. Such inefficiency was inexcusable.

The dirt road joined a broader paved road. He paused, looked up and down the highway and turned in the direction where a soft glow in the evening sky indicated human habitation. A huge monster with eyes flashing fire roared down upon him. He flung himself in the bushes until it passed by. At this point it became apparent that this was a mechanical device with a man within it. Somewhat shaken, he proceeded down the road with a series of muffled curses issuing from the midst of his windblown beard.

It began to snow as he approached a wooden building topped by a cross. He stood stamping the snow from his sandaled feet and shivering in the cool night air. People stared at him as they entered the church. Nick returned their stares. It was quite apparent that his

costume was in strange contrast to theirs. His eye fell on a lighted sign in front of the building. Walking closer he read the words "Peace on earth to men of good will." The words themselves were familiar, the language was not his own but he felt a certain satisfaction in knowing that death had removed that barrier. He could understand the sign. And he could understand the voice which suddenly addressed him from behind.

"Good heavens, man, you didn't have to put your costume on at home. You had better get inside before you freeze. Come on, we can use the side door."

Nick understood the words, some of the meaning escaped him. However, he recognized at once the wisdom of going inside. He walked toward the side entrance with his companion, a young man, smooth shaven and officious.

"I don't believe I recognize you but perhaps it's the whiskers which make you look different. What is your name?"

"Nicholas."

"Nicholas? Oh—oh—yes of course. Er—Mr. Nicholas. You must be one of the shepherds. The other shepherds are over there. I'll let you know when it's time to go on."

Nicholas noted with a strange mixture of amazement and relief that there were several people in costumes which approximated his own. He walked toward them, nodded, but did not speak, content for the moment to let his chilled bones thrill to the warmth of the room. Through a doorway he could hear someone leading the congregation in prayer. Then he heard the voice of his erstwhile companion.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we are delighted to have so many of you here tonight to see our annual Christmas pageant. We are ready to begin."

A shepherd's staff was placed in Nick's hands and he was thrust out upon the stage. The faint glow of a single star-shaped lantern dimly lighted the area. Scattered around upon the floor were a number of sheepish children, thus costumed. A giggle in one corner was suppressed and the choir began to sing.

"The first Noel the Angel did say was to certain poor shepherds in fields where—"

Nicholas, grasping his staff, rose to the occasion giving a graphic portrayal of a confused shepherd. Moments later shepherds and sheep left the stage. Another group went on.

"We three kings of Orient are," began the choir.

The children and the other shepherds filed quietly out to the front of the church to watch the remainder of the pageant. Nicholas stood alone in the vestry. He had to get on with his search,

but he disliked intensely the idea of going out in his inadequate clothing. As he hesitated his eyes fell upon a suit of clothing hanging behind a door. Desperation reduced the protest of his conscience to the faintest of twinges. The suit was snug and warm and fur trimmed. A fur trimmed stocking cap went with it and on the floor below stood a pair of boots. People were coming. Hurriedly he stamped the boots on and went out the side door of the church.

The streets of the town were filled with last minute shoppers. The brilliantly lighted store fronts amazed him. He walked swiftly along, although he had no idea where he should go or what to look for. He wished that somehow he had picked a less conspicuous costume. Everyone seemed to mistake him for someone else. They nodded pleasantly and murmured "Merry Christmas."

"Hey, Santa!"

Nick did not answer.

A little boy was running beside him. Nick quickened his pace until he was actually running but the young fellow clung tenaciously. It was no use, the old man stopped.

"What do you want?" he asked sharply.

"Gosh, I hope you're not mad at me," the youngster blurted out. "My name is Johnny Gibson and I want a sled."

Johnny disappeared quickly into the crowd with Nick looking confusedly after him.

"Did you lose something, Santa?"

This time it was a young woman who addressed him.

"Why, no," he said, "I just—" he smiled weakly and shrugged his shoulders.

The young woman did not press him.

"You know," she was saying, "you really look like the real thing. Where did you get such natural looking whiskers?"

As she began to finger the end of his beard, the old man was visibly shocked.

"Why, they grew!" he said, indignantly. "How else does one get them?"

"They are real, aren't they?" said the young woman, giving a slight tug to be sure. "How charming. Do you have any plans for this evening?"

Nick eyed her suspiciously. "Miss—or Madame," he said, "I assure you—"

But the young woman was still speaking.

"I certainly hope not. Of course the role usually falls to my husband but I'm sure you could do much better."

"Madame, I—" Nicholas began to protest somewhat more strenuously, but to no avail.

"We're giving a Christmas party for our little girl and there will be a lot of children there. It would be wonderful if you would come and talk with the children and give out presents. My husband will be glad to pay you and it won't take much of your time."

The party was a huge success. Nick always liked children and had found pretending to be this fellow Santa Claus a most enjoyable affair. In the course of the evening he had grown quite jovial and mellow. In fact he had all but forgotten his original quest. One by one the children left for their homes and now he began to think of leaving.

The little girl's father entered the room. Old Nick arose and walked toward him.

"I really must leave now," he said.

"Yes, of course," Mr. Barnes said, pulling a check book from his pocket. "You did a marvelous job with the children and we—"

"Oh, dear, I suppose you must be going," Mrs. Barnes called. "There's just one thing—would you mind awfully staying a moment to help me put Sandy to bed? She wants you to hear her say her prayers."

Nick smiled. "I do have an important errand, but I'm sure it can wait that long."

He climbed the stairs with the little girl in his arms. Her mother led the way.

"I'll be in the library when you're ready to go," the father called after them. "Good night, Sandy."

"Now I lay me down to sleep," Sandy began and continued through her prayers, culminating in a series of special petitions. "God bless Mama, God bless Daddy, God bless Aunt Mary, and Skippy, and God bless Santa Claus."

This last came as a surprise to old Nick. He felt the warmth of contentment surge within him. He knew that, in a way, the little girl's prayer was for him.

"Thank you, very much," he said softly as her mother tucked her in bed.

"You know," Mrs. Barnes said as they went down the stairs, "I'll bet millions of children are ending their prayers with 'God bless Santa Claus' around this time. Jim is waiting for us in the library."

"No," old Nick told her husband. "There is no reason for payment. I enjoyed it thoroughly—and," he added, "I have no need of money."

"You really have the Christmas spirit—but it isn't right that you should do all this for nothing. Are you sure we can't give you something?"

"Why, yes, perhaps you can," the old man said. "I know that

you'll think it strange that I don't know—but I don't. You could give me some information. Who is this person, Santa Claus, whom I'm supposed to represent?"

Man and wife looked at one another in stunned silence.

"Who is Santa Claus?" they repeated in disbelief. "You—you don't know?"

The old man shook his head.

"Why, he's a jolly old man who is supposed to live at the North Pole and bring children presents at Christmas time," said the wife.

"Oh, then he is not a real person?"

"No," the father replied, "but there was once a real Santa Claus or St. Nicholas. Santa Claus is a child's name for St. Nicholas who lived a long time ago. I don't know much about that. Here, let me look it up."

His finger went along the bindings of a set of encyclopaedias until he came to N.

"Na, Ni, Nicholas. Here it is. 'Nicholas, St. Bishop of Myra . . .'"

"Bishop of what? Did you say Myra?"

"'Bishop of Myra—in the reign of Diocletian, emperor of Rome. A native of Patara . . . Patron saint of thieves, of sailors, and of children.'"

The old man said nothing for a moment. Suddenly a tear lost itself in his beard.

"Saint? Saint Nicholas?"

"Is something wrong?"

"Only the facts," Nick answered and grinned broadly. "Thank you. Thank you very much. And—I really must be going."

The old man turned at the gate and smiled at the couple standing at the doorway.

"Merry Christmas," he shouted and walked down the street. The sidewalks were less crowded but there were still people hurrying here and there. He returned their smiles.

"Merry Christmas. Happy Christmas. Merry Christmas," he shouted at each passer by.

At the edge of the town he turned and looked back. One by one the lights in the houses were being turned out and it seemed to him that he could hear a whole chorus of children's voices whispering, "God bless Santa Claus."

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you very much."

As he entered the grove where his transportation awaited him, he turned and shouted once again.

"Happy Christmas to all."

And, to all, a good night.

Closeup

Campfires Under a Pool Table

Some years ago the local policeman of a small Virginia town was called to halt a pool room fight common enough to its location and ordinary in its origin—a lucky shot, a pungent comment on the ancestry of its maker, outraged honor—the officer found the combatants joining battle under the table; with them was a young man working to separate them in the simplest and most direct manner. The battle has been forgotten, the principals reconciled, but the young man has continued to interpose himself between men in stupid conflict; he has become no more selective in his battlegrounds and more than once has he been the recipient of a fist intended for someone else. More often he has been mistaken as the enemy, but such is the method of Chapel Hill's most remarkable man of God: Reverend Charlie Jones. So forcefully has he implemented this concept of his role, he has become in a manner the quintessence of the liberalism that has nurtured Chapel Hill, has lent it through his actions perhaps its most eloquent expression and articulation; blending his personal humanitarianism with the humanism of the town and its people, he has rendered a cogent and dynamic system of practical ethics which stands as a model for an entire region locked in the senseless conflict of racialism. As Chapel Hill is the antithesis of the conservative tradition of its state, so is Charlie Jones, and both have made common enemies. A native of the South, Charlie is nevertheless unique to it and best understood in terms of his refusal to acquiesce to elements of its culture. That he occupies the position he does is a matter of an acute sense of morality heightened by a perception that has not merely pierced, but dispelled much ingrained personal prejudice. Pragmatists are rare in a ministry founded on fundamentally Puritan concepts and mores and audiences for them are even rarer; they are born to strife and misunderstanding—Charlie Jones is a pragmatist, but this is only one of his paradoxes—the man is a glossary of enigmas, not all of which are understood by himself.

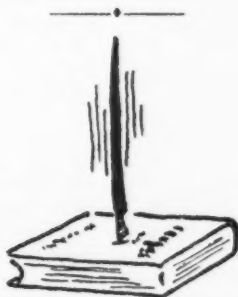


The story of his youth and his path to the ministry is one Charlie tells with quiet, Tennessee mountaineer humor; it is the story of a man conscious of his own kinship with human foibles, unpunctuated by declaration of earnest purpose, devoid of self-conscious statements of early calling or singleness of resolve. He was born in Nashville, Tennessee, which his accent confirms, some forty-eight years ago, something revealed only by his driver's license; he was raised there by parents of stern Presbyterian persuasion; his father, operator of a billiard parlor and an itinerant photographer, provided his family a modest but substantial living and managed to raise Charlie without undue encumbrance of parental restriction. Graduating from high school without giving any particular evidence of clerical bent, Charlie settled down to a job as bookkeeper in an insurance firm; six months of the sedentary life were enough. With sixty dollars in savings he left for St. Louis; one day there convinced him of the superior opportunities in Chicago; they remained superior for three weeks only, and Charlie drifted on to Detroit, working in all-night cafeterias and in various automobile factories; his wanderings followed no pattern, nor had his jobs any purpose other than meeting the expediency of hunger. Eventually his driftings carried him back home and to college in Maryville, Tennessee, where he majored in physics; money ran out at the end of his third year. Again drifting, he turned up in Texas as counterman and eventual owner of a small restaurant in San Antonio. A casual businessman, he accepted music lessons from one customer in payment for meals; from this his interest led into religious music and before long a curiosity about religion which took him to the Presbyterian seminary in Richmond. After this erratic course, Charlie settled down as a circuit rider for five small Virginia churches. The sizes of his congregations lent themselves to informality, and Charlie early cultivated the habit of conducting services sitting around the stove; this has left an indelible mark on his delivery—his sermons are still delivered much in the manner of a living room conversation.

Unfortunate circumstances have often obscured the true nature of the man's work in Chapel Hill, or exaggerated one aspect so that he has often appeared more social reform zealot than minister. It is true that he has been greatly concerned by matters of social inequality, especially when it exists along racial lines. His gestures have drawn censure and praise out of all proportion to the significance of the acts themselves, mainly because of the consummate candor with which he analyzes the issue at hand. Few of his followers and none of his antagonists seem to be aware that his motives are founded in a religious creed rather than in any immediate

partisan allegiances. A refusal to compromise this credo cost him his church. In many ways, though, this has been a boon, for it has given birth to a new church striking in its simplicity. Known as the Community Church, it demands no adherence to a formal creed of its members; in essence it is uninstitutionalized religion. Charlie feels that with this type of organization—no constitution has been written, no beliefs codified—the church may adapt itself to the changing needs of its members. He has imposed none of his own personal wishes except a desire for complete freedom of belief, and accepted no active role in its formation. In no sense is the church or its congregation evangelical, a fact which reflects Charlie's distrust of militant religion. A frequent charge brought against Charlie in the days of his ministry in the Presbyterian church was that he failed to minister to the emotional needs of some of his congregation. Certainly he is dispassionate; his sermons are in the main discussions of practical ethical problems, directed at the fairly sophisticated audience found in a university town; they are free of histrionics or exhortation; the method is organic and inseparable from the basic premises under which he operates. In terms of personal belief his is a simplicity that recognizes the complexity and infinitude of the universe; man in his painful and faltering search for truth finds with each new revelation a corresponding and larger enigma. In Charlie's words, "What man knows is like a campfire; it only emphasizes the extent of the darkness; build more campfires and you diminish the darkness a little, but also you are aware of how very little you have done."

Book



Reviews

Good Morning, Miss Dove, by Frances Gray Patton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1954. 218 pp. \$2.75.

Non-conformity after lunch

The small town of Liberty Hill was much like a hundred other towns

in America with one notable exception: the terrible Miss Dove. Everyone in the town, for the space of one whole generation, had been under the influence of Miss Dove for six years of their young, impressionable lives.

Miss Dove had taught geography to the children of the six grades of Cedar Grove Grade School so long that there was scarcely a person in town who could remember a time when she had not set out for her morning walk to the school at exactly seven minutes past eight—"punctual as the sun and, unlike the sun, not varying with the seasons."

Jincey Baker, confined to her bed awaiting the birth of her first child, could only say to her young husband, Dr. Thomas Baker, as Miss Dove passed the house, "I wish little Whosit . . . would copy Miss Dove and develop a sense of time." Both Jincey and Tommy could remember their days at Cedar Grove and the crucial time in their lives when the precepts of Miss Dove's teaching had saved each of them from destruction.

Polly, wife of the Reverend Alexander Burnham, insisted that her son Davie finish his oatmeal. Miss Dove had just passed outside the dining-room window, a sure sign that Davie should be off to school. Similarly, Bill Holloway, the traffic cop on duty and another of the school's alumni, did not have to look at his watch when Miss Dove crossed to the corner of Maple and Grant where Cedar Grove School sat.

Ten minutes later some two hundred and fifty children were safely inside the school building. The children shouted, played, speculated on the mood of their teachers as they filed into the building. But as each grade successively approached the geography class, all speculation stopped. Miss Dove had no moods; she would be today as she had been yesterday and would be tomorrow. As their parents before them, these children would undergo the never-to-be-forgotten experience of six years of proper posture, neat appearance, and good manners in her classroom. The rules of conduct were, to Miss Dove, very simple and very much like the rules of life. There

was right and there was wrong. One acted accordingly and reaped the rewards or suffered the consequences. The rules were as undeviating as the longitude and latitude lines on the globe that sat atop her desk.

In an uncertain world, a world of change and confusion, forty-five minutes a day for six years of one's life in the atmosphere of Miss Dove's classroom had a very tranquilizing effect. To that room, uncertainty, change, confusion were total strangers. *Conformity* reigned supreme, and Miss Dove set the standard. She was feared, but she was loved by all for bringing this bit of constancy into life.

Thus on this day much like all other days, the people of Liberty Hill were unprepared for the event that was to take place. Shortly after lunch when Miss Dove should have been seated behind her desk on the raised dais in the classroom, the people could not believe the apparition they saw. Miss Dove was being carried bodily by Dr. Baker and the Rev. Burnham down the street toward the hospital. It was no wonder that the town "caught its breath, and looked beneath the surface of its life and fastened its hand upon its heart."

Frances Gray Patton, a native of North Carolina and at present a resident of Durham where her husband teaches English at Duke University, has paid tribute to an American institution, the small town schoolmarm. Writing with clear precision and unobtrusive simplicity, she has given to Miss Dove those traits so long associated with the stern but beloved school teacher. At the same time, Mrs. Patton has brought life to a figure that would have remained a stereotype in the hands of a less skillful writer. The book will recall many things, smiles and laughter and tears, and you may find yourself wishing for the calmness and assurance that can come only to the young in a sixth grade classroom.

No one in the town had ever supposed that the indomitable Miss Dove could fail. If such strength could be broken, what of their own lives? The reader awaits the outcome of Miss Dove's ordeal in the hospital with only slightly less anxiety than did the town of Liberty Hill.

B. J. Patterson

The Incomplete Pogo, by Walt Kelly, New York: Simon and Schuster. 1954, 191 pp. \$1.00.

"The Era of the Boomrang"

Sample United States savings bonds might well have as their fictitious owners

Mr. Pogo Possum and friends
Okefenokee Swamp
U. S. A.

instead of

Mr. and Mrs. John Doe
Everywhere
U. S. A.,

for a great deal more Americana has found its way into Walt Kelly's comic creation than could ever be portrayed by an "average" American family. It is this very fact that makes Pogo art amusing to some and confusing to others, for one must be able to understand and apply something of the many phases of national and international life to make sense of this "comic" strip.

The Incomplete Pogo became dated on the Twenty-eighth day of September in 1954 with the death of Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada, ably portrayed in the Pogo strips by the Hon. Mole MacCarony, disinfecter extraordinaire. Chapter 4 of the book is saved, however by the fact that Mole is a somewhat universal type and Pogo's remark when Mole turns up ("Gosh Mole, we thought you were dead.") is a pious hope that does not need to be too specifically applied.

As usual, Kelly did not limit him-

self merely to a political satire on witch-hunting, McCarthyism tactics, Communists, and the present administration, although these are all well represented in this "incomplete" work. With characteristic freedom of speech, Kelly also lampoons insurance and comic books in the second chapter, atom bomb jitters in the third, and so on.

Kelly's favorite character, Mr. Beauregard Bugleboy, man's best friend, the faithful dog, is cast in some fine stellar and supporting roles throughout. The author confessed Beauregard as his first love on a television interview this past summer and although Kelly does not show any great amount of favoritism, Beauregard's wealth of facial expressions and emotions is an indication that here is a greater outlet for artistic expression.

Only the uninformed and unimaginative mind could fail to comprehend the delightful take-off on "Dragnet" and Company in Chapter 7, "The Case Is Open And/Or Shut At Will," and Chapter 13 ("The Hose Is Carried To Extremes") provides a quiet judgement on labor union "featherbedding" in the repeated statement by the rabbit that he "carries the hose" for the fire department—and nothing else. Kelly is equally effective in satirizing, among other things, baseball, freedom of the press, American education, Kinsey, and big time "beanbag".

As in most of his other five books, Kelly has synthesized his daily comic strips into readable material with some sort of thread, as in normal human life, holding it together and giving it some continuity. Again, though, there is more to the work than can be absorbed in a single reading. The first reading may be amusing, the second may be heartwarming, but the third may be very discomforting, for the author has evidently thought hard about our America since writing

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GOOD COMPANY
and
GOOD CHEER

his last Pogo book, *The Pogo Step-mother Goose*. He seemed pessimistically hopeful then but now the hope is dwindling, as is clearly spelled out in the Afterward of *The Incomplete Pogo* for those who did not pick it up whilst reading the book. This Afterward is entitled "The Estate of Our Independence" and proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that Kelly is not all humor and lightness. It contains a powerful judgement on America and on us, the American people. According to the writer, this is "The Era of the Boomerang" for the U. S. A. and "the joke . . . is on us."

Rod L. Reinecke

Roll The Forbidden Drums, by Aaron Kramer; New York: Cameron and Kahn, 1954; paperbound: \$1.00, clothbound: \$2.00.

A cold shoulder to ivory towers

Each of the thirteen pieces in this slender tenth volume of Aaron Kramer's reflects a different mood and a new facet of the poet. Kramer is essentially a part of the people, and draws his diction and many of his metaphors from their rich vernacular.

"The Minotaur," a modern version of the Greek fable, is a page from the journal of a workingman, revealing in remarkably restrained lyrics the joys and pains, the drabness and vitality of each of his twenty four hours. Life is, to Kramer, the devouring Minotaur.

In the morning:

For one last, after the alarm
goes off, we make believe that we
are sleeping:
the eyelids locked—as though to
keep from fleeing
a sudden extraordinary dream . . .

The poet, on his way to work,
rushes out into the foul weather. As
he sees others hurrying he stops and
wonders:

Why should a minute mean so much?

are we afraid we'll miss a rendezvous?

He concludes:

No chance at such a snowbound hour as this!

No chance! The answer's in their eyes

and in my own as well.

It is a day like other days:

our time-cards wait in hell . . .

Kramer is a white collar worker in sympathy with the labouring class, and the deft pictures which he paints of scenes that occur at his job caustically satirize capitalism and reveal the bitterness of the man who works with his hands.

The work day finally over, he returns to "The Castle My Home," where his children greet him:

Riddles and jokes locked up all day

are let loose for my sake.

Arms surround me: "Are your eyes too tired again?"

Too tired—Yes, But I'll read you something.

Bring me the book of myths.

His wife:

Between the children and the sink

at last I meet her, face to face.

We mark the latest wounds, and link

our miseries in a mute embrace .

Our woes entwined are turned to bliss

entwined, our meekness turns to might.

And with our golden sword, our kiss,

perhaps we'll slay the bull to-night!

As he sets the alarm before retiring, he laments:

Our dreams, like kites held captive underneath the bridges,

yearn for a wind to rise and loose them from the clock;

a great March wind to start them

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CHAPEL HILL

on their pilgrimages
beyond the tyrant hands, the piti-
less tick-tock.

Certainly these griefs grieve on uni-
versal bones! Here is no man who
speaks from ivory towers disdaining
all but the little ignorant members
of his clique. But, terse and strikingly
lucid for one who follows so closely
in the muddled wake of Stein, here
is a man who dares to dream, to hope.
Here is a man who leaves confused
psychological ramblings to those who
will have them and expands the crav-
ings of the soul into readable poetry.
We are grateful.

There is an interesting American
strain in Kramer's verse which we
have not seen since the death of
Stephen Benet. In "Patriotism" he
tells us:

My love for America
is not pinned to my lapel . . .
As King Lear learned,
my country will learn
—when the storms come,
when her retinues vanished—
who among her children truly
love her.

In the last piece of the volume,
Kramer slips easily into the vein of
the poetic dramatist and renders a
twenty-one page version of Hans
Christian Anderson's famous tale,
"The Tinderbox."

As may have been already noted,
Kramer seems to have only incomple-
tely mastered the medium of form, for
in certain places he strikes dishar-
monious chords and lapses into prose
—he remembers his father's voice as
"operatically clear." Happily these
lapses are few, but they bar him from
a place beside the contemporary mas-
ters. We must remember, however,
that, although Byron and Shelley out-
shone them, such poets as Thomas
Moore and Scott have survived and are
still enjoyed. I believe that Aaron
Kramer will be among the lasting
poets of the second magnitude.

James B. Graves, Jr.

THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY



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The

CAROLINA QUARTERLY

announces

Fifth Annual Fiction Award

In recognition of excellence in creative writing, two prizes, of \$50 and \$25, are being offered for the best two short stories submitted to the CAROLINA QUARTERLY by students at the Consolidated University of North Carolina.

Authors must be enrolled in the Consolidated University at the time their work is submitted. Manuscripts should be between 1500 and 5000 words long, typewritten and unsigned, with the author's name and address attached by a separate sheet of paper. Submissions will be accepted not later than April 1, 1955, and must be marked CAROLINA QUARTERLY FICTION CONTEST. The prizewinning stories will appear in the spring issue of the QUARTERLY.

The judges for this year's contest will be Doris Betts, winner of the 1953 *Mademoiselle College Fiction Contest*, and John Ehle, writer for *American Adventure* and instructor in the Radio Department here in Chapel Hill. They reserve the right to withhold the award if, in their opinion, no story is worthy of it.

The first prize has been donated to the QUARTERLY in honor of Priscilla Moore Tapley.

The Carolina Quarterly

Box 1117

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Editorial



Fate's Footballs: Hamsters and Freshmen

THIS is our third attempt at an editorial. The other two are in the wastebasket. We tried writing bitterly about machines in connection with human thought and found halfway through that we had produced nothing but a profoundly boring monologue; we had a dash at writing pleasantly about a Negro coffin-maker we once knew, but soon realized that the only way one can satisfactorily treat Negro coffin-makers is either to be riotously funny or violently racial, the first of which we find impossible, the second distasteful. There is a creepy feeling at the back of our mind that we ought to be editorializing about something frightfully literary, but we decline to do this. The reason is quite simple: we don't want to.

But someone should say something about Max. We were given for Christmas a book of Max cartoons and have been clutching at chairs and screaming ever since. Max is a hamster, about two and a half inches square, with a whisker spread of approximately three inches and a very engaging pair of front teeth. He does not speak, he merely acts; there is no one but Max—no foils like a wicked grandmother or an eery gunman. Max is just Max alone.

John Meredith, in his preface to the book, says in addition to comments on Max's beautifully drawn facial expressions, that this little animal is elf, demon, child, artist, impresario, athlete and *homme du monde*. We respectfully submit to Mr. Meredith that Max is one more thing: the personification of the freshman.

Max has in him what has been suggested to us as and what we agree to be the essence of the comic character: incompetence. Max cannot do a bolero without falling through the floor on the last *ole*; he cannot duel with a dressmaker's mannequin without receiving a large black eye; he prefers to eat a violin rather than play it; walking in his sleep, he heads instinctively for the wine cellar; he blows soap bubbles with bagpipes and loses his temper at punching bags; he takes a shower with a soda syphon and gets sick on a cigar; his cooking results in an explosion of raisins, his speech-making in a hail of tomatoes; and his reading matter consists of a work entitled "How To Become A Lion."

To us, this fervid but futile behavior seems very like the

exhausting peregrinations of a slightly inept freshman who is either wholly out of hand, or completely under control but hopelessly confused. If all freshmen took a look at Max they would probably see just how wearying it is to be in one's first year at college. Max juggling a fishbowl reminded us of the Great Cobb Waterfight of 1952, when one small freshman staggered halfway up a flight of stairs carrying a wastebasket full of water only to lose his balance and receive the entirety of his burden between the neck and the waist. Max writing a letter called to mind a grisly night twenty-two months ago when, having sat up until two a.m. composing a theme for English 2, we typed up the final copy and then discovered we had forgotten to double space. When we saw Max concocting a Dr. Jekyll brew and turning himself into an extremely hairy hamster-version of Mr. Hyde, we remembered the unfortunate freshman acquaintance of ours who, suffering the agonies of the damned in Chem. 1, spent four gruelling hours making a salt-free emulsion, or whatever it is they do over there, and then was informed, when his experiment obstinately refused to react, that he had been using as his principle ingredient a beaker of tap water in which someone had previously cleaned out an exceptionally filthy pipette.

With no loss of reverent respect for Okeefenokee, we predict that one will agree, on looking at "Max," that Pericle Giovanetti, the Swiss creator of this diminutive but potent rodent, may well turn out to be the equal, if not the successor to Walt Kelly and the Pogo menage.

ARCHIE HESS, who is at present dramatic director of Dock Street Theater, Incorporated, in Charleston, South Carolina, is a native of Michigan. He began his theatrical training at the Pasadena Playhouse and graduated cum laude receiving the Special Merit Award from Jose Ferrer. In the summer of 1950, Mr. Hess helped organize "The Holiday Circle Theater" in Galveston, Texas. Last year, he was hired as the director of Dock Street, having previously served a year as assistant director.

The Little Theater

THE GREAT WHITE YARDSTICK

by Archie Hess

THE following article is not meant to be authoritative in any sense but rather an individual viewpoint from experience gleaned in seeing theater in San Diego; Los Angeles; Pasadena; Flint, Michigan; Grand Rapids, Michigan; Jacksonville, Florida; St. Augustine, Florida; upper New York state; Broadway; Galveston, Texas; Raleigh, North Carolina; and Charleston, South Carolina; and experience directing little theatre in Pasadena, Galveston, and Charleston.

"Little Theater" is used as a designation to distinguish theater other than Broadway. Under the designation fall such diverse forms as labor theaters, art theaters, community theaters, and college theaters.

Labor theaters flourished during the 1930's. In these, the local unions tried their hands at producing theatrical entertainment by and for the members of the union. Quite naturally, the slant of the entertainment was pro-labor, anti-big business. Most notable of the labor productions was "Pins and Needles" produced by Garments Workers' Union. "Pins and Needles" hit Broadway and enjoyed a long run. At present, there is little theatrical activity among the labor unions.

Art theaters, like the Provincetown Players, which first began producing the works of Eugene O'Neill; the Washington Square Players, later to become the New York Theatre Guild; the Group Theatre, which scored with "Golden Boy" and "Men In White;" were rebellions against Broadway by professional actors, playwrights, and directors who could not find work on the Great White Way.

Although aesthetic reasons are given for the founding of art theaters, it is interesting to note that the complete disintegration of

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the Group Theatre, for example, was due to the individual successes of the Group's members. Odets left for a Hollywood contract as did Franchot Tone and Garfield. Yet without some ideals in the art theater, O'Neill and Odets would have waited a long time for recognition.

The off-Broadway groups of art theater like the Cherry Lane Theatre, the Greenwich Muse, Current Stages, the Black Friars, and the Provincetown Playhouse are now producing plays by new unknown playwrights and are keeping a theatrical tradition alive through productions of Marlowe, Congrieve, Wilde, and Ibsen. These are the stage groups that are bringing new plays and new acting talent to Broadway.

More widely distributed are the community theaters. After the First World War, these sprang up all over the United States as community projects, and at present often serve as the only live theater contact with most of the population.

The heart of the community theater is a board of trustees which is usually clipped from the social register. This board serves without pay, determines policy, works out a budget, hires and fires the working personnel.

The working personnel of a community theater varies but in most cases there is a combination office-business manager who is responsible for the answering of correspondence, the keeping of files, the doling out of petty cash, the depositing of box-office receipts, and the writing of checks. There is a technical director who designs and executes the sets and costumes, adjusts the lighting and often works the lights for the show, sees to the set dressing and collects the properties. There is also the dramatic director who is the "front-man" for the organization.

Since the business manager's job is unromantic and the technical director has little contact with the public, it falls upon the dramatic director to be the public figure of the theater. His jobs are manifold and range from criticising local scripts to soothing nervous actors. He is held responsible for the workings of the theater. If the show is a box-office success, he is praised. If the show is a flop, he is blamed. He must work with people who are not professional actors but who want only to satisfy an acting urge and have fun in the satisfaction. The director is a public service individual and as such must answer invitations to speak; lend properties, costumes, and make-up to high school groups; and give assistance to any community enterprise that can make use of his talents.

People in the community identify the theater with the dramatic director and fail to see the impersonal board that is behind him. If the director remains in his position for a long period, he gathers

strength because of this public view. As the director and board cannot agree on every question, the director with his slowly formed strength is finally in the position of dictator and the board retreats to a position of giving token approval to his actions. Sometimes the board will not retreat and there ensues a battle for power. Should the director win, the board resigns and he appoints his own followers. Should the board win, the director is sent packing.

The community theater undoubtedly began simply because of an interest in dramatics on the part of a few and not as a reaction to Broadway-narrowed hits. Some groups throughout the country merely read plays with no thought of production. This is community theater in embryo. But most community groups are intent on producing the latest Broadway hits. "My Three Angels," "The Moon Is Blue," and "Affairs of State" are playing or have played in nearly every community theater in the United States. "Life With Father," "John Loves Mary," "Kiss and Tell," and "Voice of the Turtle" made the same circuit a few years back. The criterion for judging the selection of a play is becoming "Was it a hit on Broadway?"

Patrons of community theater, who used to give donations to the theater, are now giving that money to the Federal Government as income tax and the theater relies more and more upon box-office receipts. In many places the only revenue for the theater is from the box-office. This is the reason for re-producing Broadway comedies. The advance publicity on a Broadway comedy plus the publicity of the movie means dollars and cents to the community theater, which consequently recedes into a position of producing only the tried and true. Experimental work is not produced, new playwrights are not given an opportunity and acting parts slip readily into the hands of a few interested people. Since the community theater is the only one which most people can see, perhaps its only function should be that of giving watered-down Broadway to its audience.

The place for experimental theater and the place for producing classics is in the college and university. Here without the pressing demands of huge box-office and with support coming from the institution, the young playwright, actor, dramatic director, and technical director are given opportunities that are otherwise denied.

With a shifted emphasis from the Broadway comedies to noble theater, the college stages are producing drama that is both entertaining and educational. It is here that theatrical aspirants can experience the nebulous "good theater."

Yet whether it be community or college, art or labor, the final end is Broadway. A play produced on any of these stages is still unrealized until it appears in New York. An actor can become experienced anywhere but the final testing ground is Broadway.

This is rank heresy to those of the "grass-roots" movement, to the "regional" theater movement, but it is unrealistic to believe that there is any theater isolated from the Broadway influence. A play could be a great success throughout the country, yet if it failed upon reaching Broadway, that play is a failure. An actor who makes Podunk swoon is a failure to Podunk if he returns from Broadway without having had his name in lights. Although none of us want it this way, Broadway still rules the theatrical world in the United States and as Broadway thinks so must we.

Libation to the Lesser Gods

What wizard god this side of madness made
 From what spent sun, exploding star or drift
 Of space-wide wandering dust this blood and brain
 To what far reckoning in time that I
 In tie and shirt-tail, shaved and shod,
 A clown in mufti or a priest in cap and bells
 Should seek to conjure water from a stone
 Sans wreathing serpent or a flowering rod?

Should seek in this black sabbath of the heart
 Among the cerements of the unrisen sun
 The undivided garment of annointed love
 More white than damask on white damask laid
 In fire and water cleansed of all impure
 Investiture of evil find once more
 Encaved in darkness like a foetal sleep
 The embittered sabbath of the poor.

And close the book and go some little while
 With laughter and the lesser gods, to taste
 The fear and rapture of the first and last,
 Heights and depths, the ecstasy of all excess,
 Some little while the pulse with quickened beat
 And breathless at the crest of motion blown,
 Dance-drunken as a windblown flame, and hear
 The flash and thunder of their passing feet.

Lawrence Lipton

W. DAVID ASHBURN was born in 1922 in Winston-Salem, N.C., and since then has attended U.N.C., Oberlin Conservatory of Music, and Iowa State; served in the U.S. Marine Corps; and acted in and directed plays at Boone, Cherokee, Iowa State, Chapel Hill, and New Orleans. Last year he was awarded his M.A. in Drama here at U.N.C., and the Frederick Koch Scholarship for playwriting. He is now teaching English and Drama at Union College. *The Salesman Ruptured by a Streetcar* was written experimentally for the Carolina Playmakers in 1954, and has been edited for publication by R. B. Clowers.

The Salesman Ruptured by a Streetcar

A One-act Burlesque

by W. David Ashburn

At rise: The rising curtain reveals a darkened stage. From the rear of the auditorium two men—both dressed in full evening clothes—walk down the right aisle and towards the stage. Mr. STANK is tall; Mr. STINK is short. Each walks briskly.

STINK: I saw you at the concert last night.

STANK: Did you like it?

STINK: Bad proportion. Nevertheless, I liked it. You left at half-time, ostensibly.

STANK: Yes.

STINK: Why? Don't you like music?

STANK: *(Belching)* That's why I left.

STINK: *(Hiccups)* Damn those hiccups. I hate gin. Who introduced us anyway?

STANK: John. No it was Bill. No it was—I don't remember.

(They are now on RS where they seat themselves at a table, using two of the three chairs RS down. They pull notes from pockets and put them on the table.)

STINK: Well, I'm glad I know you. You're a good critic even though no one understands your reviews.

STANK: My thoughts are too damned elevated for people to understand. Did you like the play night before last?

STINK: It was done bad.

STANK: What?

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STINK: Ly. Excuse me. I've always had trouble with adverbs.
STANK: Quite all right, old boy. (*Belching*) Excuse me. Boy was that good spaghetti. What's the play tonight?
STINK: *She Done Him Wrong*.
STANK: Bad English.
STINK: A tragedy.
STANK: No. Probably a comedy. Why are you so possessed with tragedies?
STINK: More feeling. More purgation.
STANK: Hmm. You realize that people who like tragedies are sadists.
STINK: No! No! It's purgation. Not sadism. It's a pure, a pure form.
STANK: Hmm.

(*MR. STUNK has been walking with great dignity down the left aisle. He is carrying several books under his left arm and over his heart. As he mounts the steps to the stage, he stumbles and falls. He gets up, and with dignity brushes his clothes off. He now looks sternly at MR. STINK, and the latter realizes that he has the wrong chair. He obsequiously moves to the third chair, MR. STUNK occupying the one he had. MR. STUNK puts a number of books on the table.*)

STUNK: Good evening, Stank. Hi, Buck!
STINK: How do you do, Stud.
STUNK: (*Disarmed; coughs*) Huh? Oh. Glad to see you tonight. Ah, me! Another night to whack at a new writer. I hate them.
STANK: I remember the day—
STUNK: You always remember the day. You must remember that I'm older than you. I've forgotten more than you'll ever know.
STANK: And, according to your last review, you *have* forgotten—everything.
STUNK: Hrumph! And what's news with you, Buck?
STINK: Nothing, Stud.
STUNK: May I ask you why you suddenly start calling me Stud?
STINK: Yes. For two months now—two whole months—you have been calling me Buck. That is not my name. I finally decided that perhaps you were playing a fertility game, and so I called you Stud.

STUNK: I'll never call you Buck again.

(*A tall, voluptuous woman, with a sonorous voice, ascends steps from left aisle, puts chair in front of the critics' desk, and sits down.*)

STINK: I beg—

STANK: I'm sorry—

STUNK: Madam, you can't sit here.

TREMONT: Ah can. Ah'm an actress.

STANK: But this place is for critics.

TREMONT: Do you know who ah am?

STANK: No. Who?

TREMONT: Ah'm Tremont. Marilyn Tremont.

STUNK: Well, I'm sorry, but—

TREMONT: Ah've acted in every country and every language.

STUNK: That's nice, but—

TREMONT: It's a great art—tragedy.

STINK: I agree. *(To STANK)* See—

STANK: But there's also comedy.

TREMONT: Everything is tragedy. Tragedy can only be beautiful—a beautiful thing—if it's tragedy. And I should know. I have my degree at college.

STINK: See!

TREMONT: Tragedy has soul—*soul*. It expresses the—the inside of a man.

STANK: Disgusting!

TREMONT: Tragedy has soul and depth. It has purgation.

STUNK: Leave the laxative industry out of this.

TREMONT: And I gave Lysistrata a tragic performance—I mean, I made it what it is—tragedy. I use my voice and profile.

STANK: Well—tragedian, use your legs and get out of here. We're reviewing an opening night.

TREMONT: Ah'm going to stay here—ah'm the seventh cousin—

STUNK: I'm sorry. You'll have to leave; we're critics. No one is more important than we—us—we—us—something.

STINK: It's us—that's correct.

STANK: It's we.

(STAGE MANAGER enters from RS up. He is carrying a large ship—he goes to TREMONT)

S.M.: Sorry, Miss. You'll have to go. This play is sold out. You can't sit there.

TREMONT: Ah'm an actress.

S.M.: I'm a stage manager.

TREMONT: *(Recoiling)* You *are*?

S.M.: Yes. Now get out. Go!

(TREMONT exits quickly)

STINK: What's that?

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S.M.: A ship.

STANK: What's it for? Are we having another war? Do you have a government contract?

S.M.: I'm a stage manager. No one is more important than I—me—I—me—

STUNK: We've just had the same trouble. What's the ship for?

S.M.: It was for Mr. Roberts, the last show. It closed.

STINK: Yes, a comedy. I torpedoed it, and it sank. Look! there's the hole in it.

S.M.: I'm cleaning it out with the rest of the junky set.

STUNK: Is the show tonight any good?

S.M.: Just a play, nothing more.

STINK: Nothing more? Oh! Libelous.

STANK: Yes. Poe said that. You didn't give him credit when you quoted.

S.M.: I have to go, gentlemen. Excuse me. (STAGE MANAGER goes off LS down)

STANK: I wish this show would start. It's already five minutes after curtain time. They never start on time.

(Lights are now raised on a cartooned cut-down set LS and CS up. The exterior of a house is seen, some steps from the house, a lamp post, and a park bench.)

STINK: (Hiccups) It's a tragedy.

STANK: (Belching) A comedy.

STUNK: (Coughing) Tragi-comedy.

STANK: Ssh!

(Lights fade on critics as they lean anxiously over the table. Lights brighten on the set as BRANCH and SIFT exit from the house. Both are tall and handsome, but each is disheveled. She stands, leaning against the post, and he sits on the bench.)

BRANCH: I love a soft light. It attracts the moths.

SIFT: I'm nothing.

BRANCH: Why are you so unhappy? You've been the victorious male. You should be confident and happy.

SIFT: I am nothing.

BRANCH: I love magic.

SIFT: I am nothing.

BRANCH: I hate realism.

SIFT: But I used to play football. I was a star.

BRANCH: You give protection; I need protection.

SIFT: I'm worth a buck a day. No more. I know what I am; I'm nothing.

(Medium lights on critics)

STANK: Who is she?

SIFT: Why do they call you Branch?

STUNK: Ah! Her name is Branch. Clever exposition.

BRANCH: Because I never stop; I'm eternal; I flow constantly; I'm magic.

STINK: That's poetic. We have poetic license.

STUNK: That's not what poetic license means.

BRANCH: Why do they call you Sift?

STANK: Ah! He is Sift.

STINK: Not Jonathan, I hope.

STUNK: That's Swift, stupid. A seventeenth century satirist.

STANK: Eighteenth century.

STUNK: Sorry, my error.

(Lights fade on critics)

SIFT: *(Cynically)* Because I've thought through it all. Therefore Sift. I know the score. The game ends in nothing—nothing. A scoreless football game. I'm nothing.

BRANCH: *(Softly)* But we must have soft light, and liquor—liquor—

SIFT: It's so futile.

BRANCH: It's so magic. I love you and you're good looking. Of course. And because you're good looking and young, I love you.

SIFT: I'm a bum. Buck a day. But I used to play football.

BRANCH: You're magic. You've loved me. I must have love; I can't be left alone.

SIFT: I flunked math. The son of a bitch wouldn't give me one lousy point.

BRANCH: You're a stranger.

SIFT: I even cheated; he *still* flunked me.

BRANCH: But you're a *good* stranger.

SIFT: Then I tried to get a job.

BRANCH: You've been magic—magic.

SIFT: But I took his pencil.

(Medium lights on critics)

STINK: *(Almost crawling over the table)* Pencil! Phallic!

STANK: Materialistic symbolism.

STUNK: Suggestion. As Freytag says—

STANK: Ssh!

(Lights off critics)



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SIFT: And I also whistled in the elevator.

BRANCH: Were you going up—up—up? Or down—down—down?

SIFT: Therefore I'm a fake; I'm nothing.

BRANCH: You love me. And after, after our—our love was over, the window was closed, the light was pale, and the weeping cherry tree outside—

(Lights on critics, off scene)

STINK: Weeping cherry tree? What's that?

STANK: Evidently one that's lost its cherry. The author is using symbolism.

STINK: *(Hiccups)* Impressionism.

STANK: *(Belching)* Expressionism.

STUNK: *(Coughing)* Surrealism. As Clark says—

STANK: Ssh!

(THOMAS WOLFONIUS enters to critics from RS up. He is quite excited.)

THOMAS: Excuse me, but—

STUNK: We're reviewing a play—you can't come in here.

THOMAS: I'm looking for my director.

STANK: Do you write comedies?

STINK: Or tragedies?

THOMAS: I'm—shall we say versatile. I write both.

STUNK: Both?

THOMAS: Well. Yes.

STUNK: In that case, what do you want?

THOMAS: Well, as I said, I'm looking for my director—I've found, at long last, the title to my new play.

STANK: You have thought of a title for a play?

THOMAS: *(Proudly)* Yes.

STINK: Well that's wonderful. Anyone can write a play, but to think of a title—

THOMAS: Yes, that's the question. I spent only a week writing the play—I've spent six years working on a title.

STUNK: What is it?

THOMAS: *Twisted Toilet.*

STANK: Well, that's wonderful.

STUNK: What's the play about?

THOMAS: Well, it's about—about—well, it isn't easy to describe. It's part comedy, and yet it has some tragedy.

STANK: You'll make more money if it's comic.

THOMAS: Well, that's my theory. I want to keep my soul, but—but—well, money *is* nice. You can buy things with it.

STUNK: That's smart.

THOMAS: I think so. Do you really like my title?

STUNK: It's superb. It has elevation.

STANK AND STINK: Yes, very good.

(THOMAS exits hastily. Lights fade on critics and up on scene. BRANCH is now seated; SIFT is leaning against the post.)

BRANCH: You must go; he'll be here soon.

SIFT: But I need you, you—you little—

BRANCH: Yes. I know. And you bring me magic. But my husband—

SIFT: Yes. But he's well liked.

BRANCH: Yes. But I'm bored. You gave me love, and magic—magic.

SIFT: You make me know who I am.

BRANCH: Yes. I bring out the man in men.

SIFT: (*Pounding chest madly*) Yes. But I'm nothing; buck a day.

(*Lights out on scene, up on critics*)

STUNK: This is preposterous. Like that show last week of the son who hated or loved his father—the author couldn't make up his mind.

STINK: It's *new* writing; It's *our* generation.

STUNK: And that show the week before about a whore in New Orleans. Is *everyone* in New Orleans a whore?

STINK: It's symbolism. Impressionism. Most of all, it's new. New.

STANK: Ssh!

(*The critics again sit; lights fade on them and up on scene. BRANCH and SIFT are now locked in each other's arms. LITTLEMAN enters; he is quite short.*)

LITTLEMAN: Ha!

SIFT: Ha!

BRANCH: Oh! My husband. My darling. My darling.

LITTLEMAN: Damn that Studebaker.

BRANCH: You mean you don't object to our—

LITTLEMAN: I hate a Studebaker. They time those things; that's what they do.

BRANCH: Did—did you have a nice day at the office, dear?

LITTLEMAN: Of course. Because I'm well liked. And because I'm well liked, I'll have a big funeral. (*Dreamily*) Hundreds of people. Thousands. I'm great. And flowers from everywhere.

SIFT: Hot air.

BRANCH: Do—do you want a drink? It's the job of women

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to entertain their men. We must make them happy.

LITTLEMAN: No. I want to plant. Plant seeds. I have nothing planted. But—but—

BRANCH: Well, I want a drink. And a candle; I must have both.

SIFT: It's a phony world. Futile; I'm nothing.

LITTLEMAN: You're wrong. You're great. You have to be well liked and rich. *Rich*. My Uncle Sin went to Siberia and came back rich. Rich. He was well liked; he was *great*.

SIFT: You're a fake!

LITTLEMAN: Don't you spite me!

(*Lights out on scene; up on critics*)

STANK: You see what I mean? This thing is meaningless.

STINK: It's not. It's about money and love. The two most important things in the world.

STUNK: Wrong. It's not drama. No unities. As Hegel says—

STANK: Ssh! This is getting us nowhere.

(*Lights fade on critics; up on scene*)

LITTLEMAN: Don't spite me. He's spiting me. I won't be spited; I can't be spited; I'm well liked.

BRANCH: He's not spiting you, darling. He loves you. He's magic.

LITTLEMAN: And you know something else? I shook hands with the mayor today; *think* of it! I may have a drink with him next year. Think of it!

BRANCH: That's nice. And—and you're not mad then?

LITTLEMAN: About what?

BRANCH: Finding us—here?

SIFT: Yes. I used to play football, you know.

LITTLEMAN: No. Of course not; I'm well liked.

BRANCH: But you caught me in another man's arms, and I must be penitent. I insist. I *must* have my lament.

SIFT: (*To her*) You're a fake too.

(*Medium lights on critics. CLAIRE BROAD mounts LS steps from left aisle, leans against the proscenium arch and beckons to critics.*)

BROAD: Here you. Come here.

STINK: Me?

BROAD: Yes, butch. You.

STINK: (*Getting up*) Gladly.



BROAD: You're cute.
 STINK: Now this is what I call drama. It's dramatic.
 BROAD: Yes. Dramatic as hell.
 STINK: (*Leading her offstage*) Let's go.
 BROAD: Just a minute. I'm looking for a part.
 STINK: You're about to play a leading role in the world's oldest drama, babe.
 BROAD: But you see, I'm an actress.
 STINK: God. You *are* versatile then.
 BROAD: Yes, I can do anything.
 STINK: I don't doubt that. But can you do everything?
 BROAD: What? Oh, I suppose so.
 STINK: Good. Let's go then.
 BROAD: First, I want a part. I can also sing.
 STINK: I'll find out about that later.
 BROAD: But don't you want an audition?
 STINK: Hell no. It's not an audition I want.
 BROAD: Aren't you a casting director?
 STINK: I'm a critic.
 BROAD: (*Slapping him*) Beast! Brute! Leading me on like that.
 STINK: Now listen, babe—
 BROAD: Don't babe me. I hate critics.
 (STANLEY KOMOUSKI *enters from Up Right screaming*)
 STAN: Stellaah! Stellaah! Stellaah!
 BROAD: What a virile voice. (*To STINK*) Take a powder you.
 STINK: But I want—
 BROAD: You're not getting anything. Now go. Go! (*He goes to desk mumbling*)
 STAN: Stellaah! Stellaah!
 BROAD: My name's not Stella. It's Claire.
 STAN: Stella—Well. You look interesting, now don't you?
 BROAD: Do I?
 STAN: Yes. Let's go.
 BROAD: Where?
 STAN: Don't give me that. What do you think you are, a queen?
 BROAD: Some have called me that.
 STAN: Well, I'm on to your type. I've got your number.
 BROAD: You haven't gotten me yet.
 STAN: Don't give me that stuff, baby. Let's go. I'm on to you. I don't waste no time.
 BROAD: You're just a little uncouth.
 STAN: Shut up and let's go.

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BROAD: (*STAN picks her up*) Put me down! Put me down!

STAN: Aw shut up. You love this and you know it. I'm going to be a king.

BROAD: Well if you insist. Will I be your queen?

STAN: (*Taking her offstage and up right aisle*) You will, and we've had this date for a long time.

STUNK: It's love.

STANK: It's Freud.

STINK: She's a—well never mind. When does our play continue?

(*Lights off critics*)

BRANCH: I'm not. I gave you love, but men don't like things they get too easy. I-ly, excuse me. And you've—you've destroyed me.

LITTLEMAN: I don't blame you. Women must spend more time on recreation, men on business. It's business, plus being rich and well liked.

SIFT: I must go; I am nothing; I must go. Can I borrow your Studebaker, old man?

LITTLEMAN: Don't call me old, don't spite me. Yes, you can. Why?

SIFT: I must go to—to nothing.

BRANCH: Don't leave me. Don't leave me. I need protection; I need strangers. Give me drink. Give me a drink.

LITTLEMAN: Let him go. He's worth only a buck; he's not well liked.

(*SIFT exits leaving BRANCH lying prostrate on the ground; lights off scene and on critics.*)

STANK: (*Getting up in fury*) C'est impossible!

STUNK: What does it mean?

STANK: It means "It's impossible."

STUNK: No. I mean what does the play mean?

STINK: It's a great modern tragedy. Great. New. Futile.

STUNK: It's an occasional play.

STANK: Ssh!

(*Lights off critics and on scene; offstage the sound of a speeding automobile and then a terrifying crash, and then silence. BRANCH pulls herself up, clinging to LITTLEMAN.*)

BRANCH: Oh, God. No. No. No.

LITTLEMAN: My Studebaker. My damn Studebaker.

BRANCH: No. My light. My little flame. My dim light; I was his moth.

LITTLEMAN: He was lazy.

BRANCH: He was my streetcar.

LITTLEMAN: He was not liked.
 BRANCH: He was my desire.
 LITTLEMAN: He *wasn't* lazy. I'll say that for him.
 BRANCH: He was my stranger.
 LITTLEMAN: He did it to spite me.

BRANCH: I have no choice; I must go.

LITTLEMAN: And my Studebaker.

BRANCH: I'll take my telegram.

LITTLEMAN: I hope he had insurance.

BRANCH: From my rich admirer.

LITTLEMAN: He was nothing; worth a buck a day.

BRANCH: I've had rich admirers, you know. Well, goodbye. Goodbye. I've always depended on strangers; they protect.

LITTLEMAN: Wherever you go, be well liked.

BRANCH: I will; strangers like me. And if—if anyone calls, well—take the number. Now where is Shuba? SHUBA!

(She exits screaming SHUBA)

LITTLEMAN: *(Defiantly)* Shuba! Come back. She's gone. The bitch. And she sewed my socks; I have not sowed anything. I must plant. I must get something planted.

(He spreads seeds around lamp post and then leaves calling SHUBA.)

STANK: *(Banging hand on desk)* Who writ this damn thing?

STINK: *(Hiccups)* A tragedy.

STANK: *(Belching)* Comedy.

STUNK: *(Coughing)* Tragi-comedy.

STANK: The author should be shot; all authors should be shot.

STUNK: Then we would have to work.

STANK: Excuse me. My error, old boy. But the play is meaningless. No conflict—

STUNK: Yes. As MacGowan says—

STANK: Further, no plot. Further, no motivation. Further, no crisis.

STUNK: Yes. As Lawson says—

(The critics are leaving)



STANK: Further, no obligatory scene. Further, no purgation.
Further, no—

STINK: (*Hiccups*) But it's new; it's good.

STANK: (*Belching*) It's bad.

STUNK: (*Coughing*) It's neither.

(STUNK is the last to leave. As he descends the stairs, he falls, recovers himself and brushes himself off with dignity as he walks up the aisle with great austerity.)

CURTAIN

"A Little Conservative"

What printed rag, kind Sir, consumes
Your holy breakfast hour? What is
That chronicle would telegraph
Its punch amid your morning post?
Nothing, I hope, for long: for who
In these grave times would read a rag?
Observe the headlines: flies blown up
To airplane size! When shouting war,
They're red. No less, our ancestors
(that is, the ones who mattered) were
Informed—no less intelligent
Than we—more so, perhaps—yet they
Dictatorship's demise proclaimed
In type one tenth the size of ours—
It sold at quite a lot. Poor we!
A quarter buys four pounds of print
Which keeps us out of church: the lines
Direct us to all kinds of pills
Good for unmentionable ills:
Buy this, buy that: the pages turn
And see that M'r's Jones will give
A silver tea. For all we know,
The Courts are closed—silent the Judge.
Will Congress meet today? Oh, yes,
Kind Sir, and Nancy Prance was crowned
Half naked by the President
Of France! Where were your bright-eyed boys,
Sir Editor, when angels scooped
The Resurrection? Nay, pray dream:
It matters not so much, perhaps,
If empires fall because a fool
Believes a headline's bloody scream?

Anonymous

Gender for Kinsmen

(excerpt from a work of the same title)

There are devotions to consult
before the queencrowned pain dissolves its prison.
There are voices whose sentinels
your bones have been
to speak as they may or may not have done
and lights to reappraise and darknesses undone.

For you did not say
strength was for exile,
nor mention the kind of horror in the worse years

when the dusts of mirrors vanish
and the cloth of love
falls ripe to rot the ground
and lie untouched with scorched sun
consumed by its own green fire
voiceshot in distance with malicious silence.

You did not say there would be no shadow
nor cold-winter-coming to bear some meaning
or that the eye was geared like a combination lock
for the same kind of eternity
scarred with kisses, clean as a fawn from killing . . .
or that the world would ever renew
when you have waited with drought shadow
to face the satyred hailstone without shelter,
roof or mother incense
burning away the demon of her gifting
or then to find you tremble
and raw as brazed ripped metal
suffer the darkness of our victories.

Seymour Gresser

ROBIN WHITE was born and brought up in South India and educated at Yale University, where he was awarded the Curtis Prize Essay Award. His stories have appeared in *Quarto*, *Jack and Jill*, *One*, and *The Colorado Quarterly*, and will be appearing in *The Georgia Review*, *The Arizona Quarterly*, *University of Kansas City Review*, and *Fantastic Worlds*. At present he is engaged in research work for an historical novel.

Suttee

by Robin White

WHEN Joseph first heard the drums he was sitting in his favorite hiding place high up in the banyan tree, deep-pocketed in the silence of gray bark and metallic leaves. Although the banyan had no voice of its own, it seemed to absorb and repeat in a hollow whisper all the sounds of Sunday morning on the mission compound, sounds that were overcast now by the vibrant beat of drums beating the beat of death. Even at a distance there was no mistaking that low, remorseful rhythm, and Joseph knew without being told that somewhere in Meigudy someone had died during the night.

His immediate concern was for Mangalam. He could tell from the direction of the drumming that it came from across the river on the other side of town where Mangalam lived. "Something might have happened to her," he said, scrambling down from his perch. "Anyway, I ought to talk to her about this. She will know."

At the foot of the banyan he reached into the hole after his



shoes. These he never put on properly but shuffled his bare feet into them because he was too lazy to bother with laces and preferred to leave them tied permanently in square knots. As a result, his shoes flopped loosely when he walked and had taken on that same dog-eared appearance as his dark hair and khakis.

"Careless," Father would say.

"Inevitable," Miss Kern would add.

And Mangalam, forever ready with the soft reply: "The boy needs sandals."

"Yes," said Joseph aloud, "I must talk to Mangalam right away. She will be sure to know." It seemed to him that Mangalam knew just about everything there was to know—songs and stories and wonderful things to do and see—and what she couldn't answer old Appadorai, her husband, could. They had no children of their own, even though Appadorai was wealthy enough to adopt a score of them, which in a way was very convenient; for Joseph, who had been visiting Mangalam at least once a day ever since Mother died two years ago, had her all to himself.

Usually he would go in the morning before the noon heat set in. His favorite approach was over the courtyard wall into the kitchen where he would sit down with Appadorai and drink coffee with him or eat Mangalam's rice cakes, the ittlies and thosai smothered with hot chutney and a variety of good things that Father frowned on and said would give him dysentery or worms at the least. After breakfast Mangalam would tell Joseph stories while she worked. When she husked grain he would sit beside her and help blow away the chaff; when she ground spices, he would hold the brass pot of water for her and help wet the saffron and chilli so that it would grind to a smooth paste; when she washed clothes, there was always a tunic for him to beat by the river; and when she made dung patties, his hands helped pat the dung and straw into cakes that would be slapped up on the walls of her house to dry for fuel. Whatever she did, Mangalam always encouraged Joseph to help saying, "Come, little one, busy hands make a strong mind and happy heart." Her patience was infinite, her tenderness and affection everlasting. Joseph often thought that if he could ever love anyone again in place of Mother it would have to be Mangalam.

This bothered Father, of course. Sometimes he would ask Joseph in that half-quizzical, half-lonely voice of his, "If you could have another mother, Joseph, whom would you pick?"

"I don't think I'll be wanting another one, sir," Joseph would tell him. "Not for a while at least."

"Well, just supposing—"

"In that case, I guess Mangalam would do."

And Father would clear his throat and look very annoyed. "I was afraid of that," he would say, looking at Joseph out of the corner of his eye. "Mangalam's Hindu, you know, and already married."

"Does that make any difference?"

"It happens to make a great deal of difference."

"Why do you have to be married? Can't she still come here and be my mother anyway? She's no one else's mother."

"I can see that there are a number of things you and I must talk over, Joseph. In the meantime I wish you wouldn't be with that woman so much. It's not good for you. Why don't you like—say, Miss Kern, for example. She gives an hour of her time each day to teach you to read and write."

"I don't want to read and write."

"Well, that's beside the point. You must. And then there are the ladies in Madura. They're very nice to you when you go to see them. I think any one of them would be glad to be your mother."

"I don't want another mother," Joseph would say belligerently. "We had one and she left us and went away to where we can never see her. If we get another she might do it too."

"But, Joseph, what on earth do you see in Mangalam?"

"Oh, nothing. Mangalam is just Mangalam. She tells me the most wonderful stories."

"That's just the trouble. She tells you too many of them if you ask me. I think it's having a bad influence on you, and Miss Kern thinks so too. You're beginning to make a habit of telling tall tales, and that isn't good. It isn't good at all. You have to learn to distinguish between fact and fiction, you know. So far you seem totally incapable of that. It's getting so that I never know when to believe you. No one does. Remember the story about the little boy who cried 'wolf' once too often? People expect little boys to tell the truth, not any old thing that comes to mind. You exaggerate everything. Miss Kern says you've been telling her fantastic lies. No, I'm afraid that Mangalam won't do. She won't do in too many ways."

If the practicalities of the matter did look rather hopeless, at least Mangalam was always there and Joseph kept on visiting her. He had long since made up his mind that if Father forbade him to see Mangalam he would run away and live with her. But Father apparently sensed this and had never refused him in so many words. The visit thus became the most exciting moment in Joseph's day—more exciting even than Christmas or New Years or Dhepavali. It had the added attraction of coming seven times a week. Mangalam and Appadorai were always glad to see him. They called him their Chinna Raja, or little Raja, and when they asked him seriously, as if he were a grown man, how things had fared with him since his

last visit, he would tell them in grand terms that he had made another pilgrimage to Benares.

"To Benares?" Mangalam would exclaim. "But little one, it is a long way to Benares. How did you travel so fast?"

"I flew," said Joseph. "I rode up on the wings of morning, high in the blue where no one could see me, and on my way I met many friendly tigers and king cobras who live among the clouds, and together we slew a great giant that tried to swallow the bungalow."

"Nessam-ah?" Appadorai asked. "Is that so?"

"It is even so," Joseph would say. With a little coaxing he would go on to recount his exploits; for of course these things were quite real to him—more real at any rate than the cold set of facts symbolized by the termite-riddled wooden cross over Mother's grave. He could not—or would not—accept what Father would have him believe; and he was continually haunted by the fear that Mangalam might at any moment be taken away from him as had Mother.

It was this fear now that sent Joseph at a run to ask permission to see Mangalam before church. The bungalow lay only a short distance from the banyan where Joseph could see all that went on. He was sure he had seen no one leave the bungalow, but when he came up through the garden to the front veranda he found the shuttered doors and windows locked from inside. Puzzled, Joseph went around to the side veranda and then to the back. The entire bungalow was closed and the servants gone. In panic he called out several times for his father, listening while his voice echoed from the empty, vault-like rooms inside. He tried calling for the servants, and when he still received no answer, he ran around to the front veranda again and flung himself down on the steps by the bougainvillea vines. It took him all of two bewildering minutes to reach the conclusion that everyone must have gone to church without him.

"They have forgotten all about me," he said in a wee voice, glancing over his shoulder to see if the bhutams he knew lived in the vines were watching him. "I didn't see them go."

More than anything else he feared being left alone. That was the most painful part about going to bed every night, he thought. When you went to bed you were really quite alone. In the distance he could hear the drums reaching a frantic crescendo. After a moment they stopped altogether, and the silence and the rising heat of day seemed to rush in on Joseph. The silence made him afraid for Mangalam, yet he knew he ought not to leave without Father's permission.

"How can I ask him if he's gone to church?" he said. Presently the drums began beating again. As Joseph listened to them he knew

he could never wait for permission. He would have to go now before it was too late. Once more he looked up at the passive white walls of the bungalow and its shuttered doors, and then he set out at a trot across the compound.

At the gate he discovered that Vellaru, the gateman, had left his post. Usually on his way in or out, Joseph would pause long enough to swap jokes with Vellaru and swipe a few puffs from his cheroot. But today, Vellaru had broken the rules for some reason and gone off, leaving the gate locked so that Joseph had to use the turnstile.

Filled with an ever-growing sense of alarm, he ran down the street to the bazaar road that led through town to the river. Here too he was confronted by this same atmosphere of emptiness. Stores that were always open from dawn till sunset seven days a week were now closed; the houses and the Brahmin clubs had been shut tight; the streets were completely deserted. Even the crows and pi-dogs seemed to have gone into hiding.

It was not until Joseph had crossed the river, cut through the alley behind the temple and come out on the street that led past Mangalam's house that he learned the reason why. A tremendous throng blocked the street from both ends. The people were silent, yet curiously angry. Men moved restlessly about growling in hushed voices at each other; women wagged their fingers in the air as if in protestation. And in the center, directly in front of Mangalam's house, two drummers danced to the rhythm of their drums while the shrill wail of women in mourning rose agonizingly into the bright air. People talked in angry whispers, and Joseph had the feeling that at any moment something might explode.

Impatiently he pushed his way through to the drummers, but when he tried to enter the house he was rudely thrust back. Some men—relatives or priests; Joseph could not tell in the rush—shoved him aside with their feet. They cursed him loudly and might even have beaten him had not Vellaru been close at hand and carried him away.

"What is it, Vellaru?" Joseph asked in Tamil. "Why is it they treat me like this?—I, who am always welcome at the house of Mangalam. Has something happened to her?"

"No," said Vellaru hesitantly. "Not yet."

"Then let me down. I must see her at once."

Vellaru did not let Joseph down. Instead he hoisted him up higher to keep him from squirming so much. "You must not go in there, little one, or you will be hurt. See the men there?" He pointed to some men standing by the door. "They are men who seek to gain power by making trouble. Only this morning was Appadorai struck

down by an automobile, and these men have decided to let Mangalam commit suttee in protest."

Joseph was not sure what was meant by "suttee," but he sensed that it boded no good for Mangalam. In his heart he rejoiced that it was Appadorai and not Mangalam who had died; yet at the same time he felt sick with anger and injured pride. He could not understand why Mangalam had not told him about this. He felt that whatever she had decided to do with herself she should at least have warned him or asked his permission.

With a heavy heart he returned to the bungalow only to find that he had kept his father and Miss Kern waiting lunch for him. They were both seated at the table, napkins still folded, and Father asked, "Where have you been? I thought you had gone to church with the servants."

"I was in the banyan," said Joseph, plunking himself down in his chair. "Everyone left without me."

Miss Kern smiled suspiciously. "Are you sure you weren't at Mangalam's?"

Joseph did not answer and Father changed the subject by saying grace. "Well," said Father after a while, "I'm sorry you got left behind. But then, I did call for you, and . . ."

"What's suttee?" Joseph interrupted.

Father put his spoon down and looked at Joseph. "Well," he said, "it's a Hindu custom where the wife throws herself on her husband's funeral pyre. They don't do that sort of thing any more."

"Mangalam's going to commit suttee," said Joseph darkly.

"That's impossible," Miss Kern said. "The English put a stop to that over a hundred years ago."

"All the same, Mangalam's going to do it," Joseph insisted. "Someone ran over Appadorai, and Mangalam's going to do it. Vellaru told me so."

"You mustn't believe everything Vellaru tells you, Joseph," said Father, winking at Miss Kern.

"Is that what all the drumming is about?" Miss Kern asked.

"Yes," said Joseph. "It only happened this morning."

"Well, I wouldn't worry about it too much," said Father. "Even if Mangalam wanted to commit suttee, they wouldn't let her because it's against the law. Probably some of these local rascals are trying to take advantage of the situation and get everyone aroused. No harm letting off a little steam."

Still the oppression of drums continued on through the day and into the night. Joseph found himself unable to do anything for thinking about Mangalam and this thing called suttee. And when at last he had been tucked in bed, he lay awake for several hours in

the dark, brooding about the drums. He had worked himself up into a fierce resentment against the injustice of it all only to find that in the last moments he could not hold back the tears.

2.

THE drums were still there when he awoke. He had slept badly and was grouchy with everyone that morning. He was particularly grouchy with Miss Kern who came over from her bungalow at nine o'clock to get him started on his lessons.

"Perhaps you'd better get started by yourself this morning, Joseph," Miss Kern said kindly.

"Yes," said Joseph, "perhaps I'd better." He took his reader and went into another room. He tried very hard to read about Tom and his ball and Mary and her cat, but all the time he was thinking about Mangalam and the drums. He was furious that she should do this thing without his consent. At the same time he thought "It is not like Mangalam. She would tell me, I am sure." Then he remembered how the men had pushed him away when he tried to enter the house and it occurred to him that perhaps Mangalam did not want to commit suttee. "Perhaps," he said aloud, "they are making her do it."

The more he thought about it, the more it worried him. After half an hour of Tom and his ball, Joseph could bear the waiting no longer. He threw his book on the floor and went out the side door at a run.

News of Mangalam's intention to commit suttee had spread like wildfire, and when Joseph reached the other side of the river he found that he could not even begin to get near the house. It was even difficult to find a tree to climb that was not already loaded down with eager-eyed spectators. With difficulty, Joseph managed to climb up on the wall of the temple that overlooked the low houses.

From this position he could see that arrangements for the ceremony had been completed. Mangalam emerged from her house bedecked with jewels and new clothes. Some bearers stepped forward and took up Appadorai's body which had been placed, upright, with legs crossed and mouth stuffed with betel leaf, on a sort of shrine decorated with garlands and green leaves.

As soon as these bearers had taken Appadorai's bier upon their shoulders, a second set thrust Mangalam onto a palanquin and carried her off. The procession moved very slowly through the crowd. Everyone was lifting hands to Mangalam as if in admiration, and the air was filled with deafening cries of joy; for the people looked on Mangalam as having already been translated to the paradise of Indra. Joseph noticed that the women seemed quite eager to get near Mangalam to congratulate her and ask her to predict their futures.

"And she's doing it," Joseph thought with disgust, watching Mangalam stretch out her hands dreamily to the people. "She's actually doing it."

Not only did Mangalam do what was required of her, but she appeared to be quite happy about it all. During the procession, which lasted close to an hour, she seemed to maintain a serene expression. At times she even smiled.

"How can she be happy doing this?" Joseph said out loud. "How can she smile? She has no right to. She hasn't even looked at me."

This, more than anything else, was what offended Joseph. He could as yet not grasp the full reality of suttee. So far it was only a word with a definition but without meaning because Mangalam was still there. But the fact that she had passed right beneath him and not even looked at him cut him to the quick. She had raised her eyes to him, of course, but she had not "looked" at him. That is, there had been no recognition in her glance, not even the slightest flicker of familiarity. It was almost as if she had been asleep with her eyes open.

The only change Joseph noticed in this fixed expression of peace Mangalam wore on her face was when the procession approached the burning ghat below town. In order to get closer, Joseph had to come down from his perch on the temple wall and by-pass the procession. Then at the ghat he climbed a tree near a pool. From this point he could see everything clearly. He saw the men set the bier on the pyre. He saw Mangalam's palanquin set down; and then—he could not be sure—it seemed to him that life stirred again in Mangalam's eyes. She looked about her in a dazed way as if she were waking from a dream. When she saw the pyre, her face grew pale, the serene expression left her, and Joseph could see that she was trembling so violently that the men had to lift her up.

She stood, drooping like a wilted flower, while one of the men who had kicked Joseph at the door delivered a long harangue against war-mongers and capitalists who drove automobiles that struck men like Appadorai down. Joseph did not understand a word of what was being said, but he did see that all was not right with Mangalam. She was staring wildly at the pyre, and on a sudden, she was seized with a convulsive tremor and collapsed onto the ground.

These men—whoever they were—who were conducting the ceremony, rushed to Mangalam and tried to revive her, to no avail. After several unsuccessful attempts, they dragged her to the pool below Joseph's tree and threw her in, clothes and all. Joseph scrambled down and waded out into the water after her.

"Mangalam!" he cried, "Mangalam! What are they doing to you?"

Mangalam came up spluttering and gasping for air. She clutched Joseph's hand, but for several seconds she was unable to speak. "Run, Joseph," she said, choking. "Get help. They will kill me. They have given me drugs. The people believe I want to die. Hurry, Joseph! There is not much time left. Do you understand me? Hurry!"

One of the men grabbed Joseph from behind and flung him away while another dragged Mangalam back to the palanquin. The crowd was cheering again, seeing that Mangalam had been revived. Joseph did not know what to think. He was perplexed, bewildered, confused. All the same, it was abundantly evident to him that Mangalam needed help. She did not want to die. Joseph turned and ran for home.

Father had gone out somewhere and was not in the bungalow. Joseph ran to Miss Kern's bungalow. Miss Kern was busy with her monthly accounts and did not look up.

"Well, what is it, Joseph?" she asked.

"Please, Miss Kern, it's about Mangalam . . . they . . . the men . . ."

"Calmly now, calmly. Take your time and speak clearly. Better catch your breath."

Joseph tried to control his breathing but his heart was pounding wildly. In broken English he managed to make Miss Kern understand that Mangalam was going to commit suttee.

"Perhaps she wants to," Miss Kern said pleasantly.

"No," said Joseph. "There were two handfuls of giants. They took her like this, and like this," Joseph demonstrated. "They are going to put her on a bonfire as big as the bungalow. She told me to come quickly and get help before it is too late."

Miss Kern picked up her pencil again. It was easy to see that Joseph's imagination had taken another long flight. The best course of action in such cases was toleration tempered with firmness.

"You don't believe me, do you?" Joseph cried angrily.

"Well, Joseph, I really don't know what to say. But I wish you wouldn't speak to me in that tone of voice. If you would only think about it, you would see there's nothing to worry about. Suttee is against the law. If Mangalam were going to do such a thing, the police would stop her. Now, I do have such a lot of work to do . . ."

"You must believe me," Joseph pleaded. He was sobbing now.

"You must believe me, Miss Kern."

For a moment Miss Kern looked away as if confused. Then she softened and turned kindly to him. "If you are worried, why don't you go to the police?"

The police station was a little office located in the railway station. To get there Joseph had to cross town again. He ran so hard he nearly collapsed into the station master's arms. The station master was having his morning cup of coffee with the police sergeant. Actually it was his third cup of coffee and he was in a good humor. Joseph could never remember a time when the station master had not been full of jokes.

"And what does my little story-teller say today?" the station master asked. The police sergeant reached down and lifted Joseph up onto the desk.

"It must be very good," he said, "for the boy is quite out of breath."

All over again, Joseph went through the careful and painful process of trying to control his breathing and getting the story straight. But somewhere along the way he must have elaborated. The police sergeant and the station master were both smiling broadly before Joseph was half through.

"How many giants did you say?" asked the station master.

"Hundreds," Joseph said excitedly. "A dozen even!"

The sergeant slapped his knee. "This is the best one yet." He patted Joseph affectionately. "But let me tell you, little one, even bandits would not break such a law."

"But they are!" Joseph shouted. "They are going to throw Mangalam on the pyre."

"No," said the sergeant. "She will get on by herself."

"Then you know?" Joseph said. "You believe me."

"I know that there will be suttee today," the sergeant said.

"You must stop it then. You must not let it happen."

"How can I?" said the sergeant. "I am one against many. It is best to let these crazy people have their way. They will sing and shout for a few days and then it will be all over. If I try to stop them, they will make a fight of it and I shall come off the worse. No, I say that if Mangalam wants to commit suttee in protest, then let her, law or no law."

"What if they are making her do it against her will?"

"That I cannot believe. There are too many people down there for murder to be done."

"But it is being done!" Joseph screamed. "It is! it is! it is!" And still yelling, he leapt down from the desk and ran back to the burning ghat.

He arrived in time to see the men divesting Mangalam of her jewels prior to throwing her on the bier with Appadorai. They made her walk three times around the pile, supported by relatives. The first time she managed to stagger around. The second time she

fainted and had to be dragged, senseless. Then they threw her on the corpse of her husband. The air resounded with exclamations and cheers.

Joseph tucked his head down and started clawing his way through the crowd. He bit, scratched, kicked, and eventually fought his way between people's legs to the pyre. There he climbed up beside Mangalam and seizing a stick, lashed out at the men who were trying to light the fire with kerosene rags and bowls of flaming ghee. Some of the men grabbed Joseph and tried to pull him off, but he held so tightly to Mangalam that they could not move him without taking her. At the same time, they were afraid to start the fire while Joseph was still up there.

In anger one of the men threw his torch on the pyre anyway and the flames began eating up the wood, giving off a dense, black smoke. People cried "Oh!" and a few of them shouted for somebody to get the boy off, but no one seemed willing to make the first move. It didn't matter to Joseph. Nothing mattered anymore. He was just not going to be left alone again. He had loved his mother and she had gone from him. Now if Mangalam died, he would die with her.

Defiantly he stood astride the crest of the pyre, facing out over the hostile world that seemed bent on coming between him and the Mangalam he loved, the world that he had at last foiled.



DAVID ELLIOTT is the sophomore author of the Asheboro Courier Tribune column "Chapel Hill Chatter," in which he retails Chapel Hill events to the citizens of his home town. After completing his course as an A.B. English major he plans to continue writing.

Journey Before Dawn

by David Elliot

THE sun was hot and the barren countryside rose and dropped as if molded by the heat. Here and there a cactus plant broke the monotony of the wasteland and the small bits of grass that ran along the ground gave contrast to the yellow foothills which grew up into mountains and fell back into the valleys.

In the distance a small Mexican train approached. Its shrill whistle echoed against the hills and great belches of black smoke marked its coming. The engineer, his eyes hidden by a large sombrero, leaned out of the cab and waved both arms hysterically at the passengers. But the passengers only leaned further out the windows to enjoy the breeze and show their white teeth in approval.

A small boy barely ten years old watched the locomotive with wide anticipating eyes. As the train approached he raised his hands above his head and shouted words of encouragement. The engineer blew the whistle and lifted his sombrero as the locomotive rumbled past the child, and not until the last car disappeared from his sight did the boy move.

"Come on you silly old dog. Jose is hungry. Let's go home."

The dog, who had lain motionless by his side, drew himself up and walked slowly behind his master. His eyes searched the ground to escape the scorn of the boy.

"Never before have I seen a bigger coward. No true Mexican dog would whimper every time the locomotive passes. The buzzards would not eat you."

It was almost dark when Jose walked down the last hill toward his tiny stone shack. The sun was casting reflections off the few clouds in the west and a small light appeared softly in the growing darkness. Smoke from the chimney rose slowly upward and spread out into a blanket against the sky.

Jose's grandmother was sitting by the fire when he walked in. Her bronze face turned slightly and he could see an expression of worry and concern with each flicker of the flame.

"Where have you been all day?" she asked. "Fighting some bull?"

"No, grandmother. Today I listened to beautiful music. Bells I think. Like the locomotive, but much greater. I think perhaps some angel was talking to me."

"Angel—Ha. More than likely it was the devil ringing in your ears."

Jose thought for a moment and just then the smell of fresh bread filled his nostrils. He jumped from his sitting place and grasped the bread in both hands before devouring it in large gulps. His grandmother seeing her chores were done, rose and went to bed.

For a long while that night Jose lay looking up at the ceiling. His thoughts centered around one thing, the bells. In the back of his mind he could hear them come drifting over the hills as if distant thunder had been captured and released by some higher power.

The next day he left the house early in the morning and walked with his dog to a large hill from which he could watch the locomotive pass and listen for the bells. The day went slowly. Jose found a dead tree to sit under and all day he waited, and watched, and listened. Once he thought he heard the bells, but the sound didn't return and he knew he had been mistaken.

In the evening the black smoke from the locomotive appeared and Jose watched it move past his home and disappear as always and he wondered if the engineer missed him.

Jose sat silently thinking the bells might have been his imagination when the sound found his ears. He and his dog sat listening in quiet rapture.

That night in bed Jose spoke softly to his grandmother.

"Today I heard the bells again, grandmother. If they are from the devil, why are they so beautiful?"

"Go to sleep. They are not from the devil."

"Are they from heaven?"

"No."

"Then where?"

"From the town. The people there need water as we do and every day they ring the bells in the church and pray. Now go to sleep."

Night wrapped itself around the plains and the shack and the little world of Jose became nothing more than oblivion or the sound of distant bells that die in the wind.

Before dawn Jose crept silently out of his bed, past his grandmother, and into the yard.

"Come, dog. We have a long journey ahead of us." Jose whis-

pered firmly and in return the animal merely wagged his hind-parts and looked up at his master with sleepy, half opened eyes.

"We're going to the town, silly old dog, and see the bells."

Moonlight flooded the countryside and the railroad seemed to resemble a long, never ending snake that fell away from sight each time a passing cloud blocked out the light.

For awhile Jose walked along silently counting each crosstie, but this was a boring task and he began to watch the stars. The stars looked friendly, but there were too many to count so Jose shoved his cold fingers into the pockets of his trousers and walked faster, thinking of what his grandmother would say.

"Will she be mad when she finds out?" Jose thought. "It does not matter. Perhaps if I like the town I will stay and listen to the bells always."

The light from the moon began to fade and the mythical constellation of Orion blinked at last with the coming of the new day. Jose looked around at the dawn with tired eyes, and his dog walked loosely at his side.

With the dawn came a split in the track and beyond this a house, then another house, and finally the town. Jose stopped and a cry escaped his lips. The village lay sleeping in the early morning light and for a youngster who had never seen more than his own stone shack, this escaped his wildest imagination.

He entered the town very cautiously with his dog close at his heels.

"Stay close to me, old dog. I may need some help when I find the bells."

A narrow, cobbled street stretched out before the boy and on each side, houses stood silently with only an occasional sound from within. Jose found a large building in the middle of the town, built very much like the rest of the houses but next to it a tall tower rose above everything else. He ran up to the building, pushed hard on the great door, and let it slam shut behind him.

In the rear of the room a few candles burned solemnly and above this a figure hung on a cross with its face turned toward the ceiling. The tiny boy recognized this from his grandmother's Bible, and sat down to look at it more closely.

The long walk had tired him and he lay down on a large wooden bench and talked softly to his dog.

"Don't go to sleep, old dog. Grandmother said the bells are here in the church and we must find them."

But the dog was already sleeping and did not stir when Jose spoke to him.

"Perhaps it is better I rest a moment," he thought, and Jose

closed his eyes.

A violent ringing and pounding woke the boy with a start. The wooden bench he lay on shook beneath him, and his dog, whimpering at the sound, crawled beneath the nearest pew and hid his eyes between his paws.

So these were the bells, he thought. The bells that he had listened to from miles away. The bells that had sounded so triumphant and guarding when he was alone. The room quaked under their roar and Jose listened and waited for them to cease. People began mobbing into the market place outside the church, and Jose peered at them through a small portion of a stained window.

When the people were congregated the tolling of the bells stopped and every man, woman, and child looked up to the sky. Jose strained to see what they were looking at, but all he could see was the tower. Then, out of what seemed a coincidence to him, two large metal bells caught his eye. They were strapped to a wooden frame and now hung motionless.

A sudden movement of the crowd brought Jose out of his stupor and he could see people moving toward a large hill on the edge of town. When they were gone he crawled quietly on his hands and knees to the large door and peeked out between the cracks. The street was deserted except for a few stray dogs wandering around the well in the square.

His first instinct was to run out of the building and not stop until he reached home, but the thought of the bells came back to him and he quickly made up his mind to go inside the tower.

Jose found a door in the rear of the church which opened onto a narrow walk, and beyond this another door leading into the tower. He walked quickly down the path and through what must have been a garden. The flowers were all dead save for a few lines of ivy which ran up to the top of the tower.

Once inside the tower, he shut the door and looked around. The room was bare except for a large hole in the ceiling and through this hole hung a heavy rope.

"This is what they ring the bells with, old dog," Jose said aloud, and he grasped the rope. His desire to pull the rope became too great and he pulled with all his might until his feet left the floor. The first sound was a dull, slow, clang but as he pulled rang out with beautiful tones that nearly deafened him. Exhausted, he let go of the rope and dropped to the floor.

The bell was silent and he could hear people running and shouting. The first realization that he had done something wrong swept over him and cold chills ran down to his legs which felt weak and uncontrollable.

"Let's leave this place, old dog."

He ran out of the building, jumped over a small wall, which connected the church and the tower, and did not look back until he reached the edge of town.

"The railroad is still there thank goodness," he thought, and ran toward it.

In the distance people could be heard singing and shouting "Miracle, miracle, it is a miracle." But Jose only ran faster.

For many years afterward the people of Tormes talked of the miracle of the drought and how the bells were rung by God. But what they never saw were the endless tiny footsteps fill to little pools, spilling their contents out onto the land, and disappearing forever. And Jose ran all the way home.

How Loyal Is My Fear

How loyal is my fear. It clings to me
in the candle-eyed night black panther
prowling in the forests of my trembling.
I seem to hear the soft steps falling
falling on the softer fabric of this year.

Companion cub at the womb when fluid days
flowed by on the river of our room,
when the amphibious face of love emerged
from out the well of space, you chiding
hiding in the foliage of a youthful haze.

And when the sibling trees had grown
whispering their shadows across our path,
we stalked each other in the dark unease
listening to the leaves of time falling
falling on our silent dark affinities.

Now in the sleek night, we lay bare
our love. Under the soft cloth of dark
we share the intimate sounds of fear
waiting while the world goes circling
circling round on perpetual safaris.

Henry Birnbaum

THE BEST FRESHMAN WRITING OF

(The following two pieces of short fiction are the best samples of work done in English 2, the Freshman English course, during the fall semester. This section is not restricted to freshmen, but only to students taking English 2.—Ed.)

JAMES A. OLDHAM, a pre-dental freshman and a resident of Chapel Hill, won first prize in the Donaldson Air Force Base Short Story Contest during his recently completed duty in the service. Mr. Oldham intends to continue writing when he finishes college.

Opening Day

by James A. Oldham

AS each thrust of the poling paddle sank into the soft channel bottom, it propelled boat and man silently, majestically, mysteriously, away from shore and deeper into the early morning fog that clothed the surrounding water and marshland like a cloak of dirty, grey cotton.

Louie glanced at his watch. It was now 5:30. He must hurry. His duck blind was still half a mile down the channel, and the sun would be up before he could set out the decoys. His shoulders ached in rebellion against the added force he placed in each stroke.

In the distance, faintly silhouetted against the blue-grey horizon, could be seen an elongated island of half-dead marsh grass. This small island was Louie's home, church, and battlefield. Here he had labored many days digging mud, nailing boards, and arranging marsh grass to make himself invisible to flying ducks. Here his soul absorbed the natural beauty of God's works, and here too he tried to outwit and kill the speedy, intelligent water birds.

Finally all preparations were made. The decoys were out; Louie was well concealed in his pit, and his shotgun was loaded and ready. Shooting did not begin until sunrise. He still had a few minutes. He waited nervously, fondled his gun and thought of its lethal potency, smoked a cigarette and watched a smoke ring drift down to his feet, remembered days gone by when he, as a boy, had hunted these waters, thought of last year and opening day, and watched the decoys floating with life-like naturalness.

Louie's daydreams were rudely interrupted by a gun blast that echoed down the channel. Duck season had opened!

He crouched lower in the partially underground box, pulled the marsh grass in around him, and waited. Every muscle in his body tensed as he tightened his grip on the gun.

Then he heard it—the unmistakable whistling of feathered

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wings somewhere above him. Through the grass he could see five of them, big ones, big mallards, circling high, looking at the decoys. They broke and headed toward the blind. Louie remembered the first duck he had killed. There was always the thrill. They came on and on, lowered their wings and began to settle.

"Just another second now," he thought. "Let 'em settle a little more—just before they pitch. There we are—now!"

Louie bolted straight up, bringing the gun to his shoulder at the same time. He sighted in on the lead duck and squeezed the trigger. The gun belched fire with a roar that fanned the grass like a strong wind, and the lead duck exploded, crumpled, and fell in a cluster of floating feathers. As the flock veered from the impending doom, they picked up speed, flying like four miniature locomotives. It was too late for another shot.

Louie watched the remaining birds climb into the morning sun and disappear over the ocean. The marsh was quiet again.

CARL COOK, a native of Rocky Mount, N. C., is a sophomore at UNC majoring in political science. His past writing experience includes work for the Rocky Mount Evening Telegram and first prize in the Fifth Air Force Short Story Contest, awarded him while stationed in North Africa. Mr. Cook intends to work for the State Department after receiving his degree.

Tell You Me

by Carl Cook

*Tell you me my learned fellow,
Which grain in the sands of time
Denotes that moment
When mortal mind loses balance
And gains delightful insanity?*

SERGEANT Allen Lovering slowly opened his eyes and stared upward at the dull glow that shone through the barracks room window, making distorted shadows on the ceiling. Was night already here? He thought a moment. No, it was dawn. It must be dawn because darkness was everywhere when he fell asleep. Funny. Did the other men have such a problem of night and day when they awoke? How could they tell, that is, be absolutely sure when black and white were fusing to make dusk and dawn? Funny thing about dusk and dawn.

Today is Monday, he thought. On Mondays he always got

out of bed early and hurried to supply for clean linen. It was not that he minded waiting in line, but making beds was not so simple anymore. In fact it had become a very tedious chore, and he could not understand why this was so. The three other men in his room made their beds in half the time allotted with no visible effort at all. Funny how it took so much concentration just to make a bed.

Lovering turned on his side and looked at Corporal Irwin Stuart, who slept in the upper bunk opposite him. He shuddered. Stuart was in his usual repulsive position with one fat, hairless leg dangling from his bunk. Lovering closed his eyes. He could still see old Mrs. Bradshaw's legs. She had lived in his home town of Macon, and when he was only nine his mother had "set up" one night with the corpse of Mrs. Bradshaw, and he had been made to stay awake with her. Even to see the dead body was terrifying, and yet he could not remove his eyes from the fat dumpy legs, stretched lifeless in the coffin. The blue and red veins that ran crisscross beneath the pale skin fascinated him. In some ways they resembled the blue and red lines on a road map. Like the road map his father had used when the family had taken a vacation trip to Memphis in 1933.

On that trip his smallest brother had died, or rather, he had killed him. Toby had fallen from the car and everyone had blamed Lovering for not locking the door. He knew he had killed his brother. Everybody knew that. Even his mother said so.

Lovering sat up and swung his feet over the side of his bunk. Through the window the mess hall loomed black against the morning sky. Soon the barracks chief would begin blowing a whistle and shouting to everyone to "rise for chow," but Lovering would not go to breakfast today. Already he had a headache and by chow time the aching would have become a throbbing. Food would make him sick. Maybe not today though, since he really didn't have anything to worry about anymore.

Pfc. Jack Mayhan turned over and groaned in his sleep. Mayhan's bunk was directly under Stuart's, which wasn't the best arrangement since Mayhan protested vigorously at sleeping under such a massive weight. Although there was no obvious reason, Lovering liked Mayhan better than any of the other men. True, he was a loud-mouthed boy and continually boasted about Boston—even claimed to be an expert on the Civil War. Sometimes he called Lovering a stupid rebel or a clod-hopping bush cutter, but such names never irritated Lovering, but only amused him. Funny about Mayhan. His baby face and curly black hair gave him a faint resemblance to Toby, that little boy who had flung open the car door and fallen into space so long, long ago. To Lovering it seemed a million

years back to that Memphis trip, but on the other hand that trip had become more vivid lately. He stared at Mayhan unblinkingly. It must be the face that would never let him forget. Besides, Mayhan was really quite considerate and harmless—just the opposite of Crompt. God, how Lovering hated Crompt.

Pfc. William Crompt had arranged it so that he occupied the bunk beneath Lovering. Of course he had had to become extra friendly with the barracks chief, but then that was an angle, and he knew all of them. His entire daily existence was full of such angles. Quite often he pictured himself as a junior dictator, considering the number of men he controlled through blackmail. The "curse of barracks T-112" was his title, and he delighted in being honored with such names; it was all a part of a robust, boorish nature with enough sadism in it to make torturing Lovering one of his special pleasures.

Lovering first felt this torture when Crompt came on the base late one night and caught Lovering sleep-walking with a field knife clutched in his hand. Keeping such knives was forbidden by regulations, which immediately formed an angle in Crompt's mind. Sleepwalkers were generally given discharges and Crompt knew the devotion Lovering held for the service. Of course, Crompt never told and Lovering paid handsomely.

Crompt slept in a different barracks at the time and continued to do so until he learned Lovering's "million dollar secret," as he classified it in his mental angle file. In one of her few letters, Lovering's mother inquired if the minute metal plate in his skull still bothered him and if the military authorities had learned about it yet. That was the million dollar secret. That was the real angle. Crompt claimed he had found the letter by mistake when he was looking for Lovering's stationery box. He knew this was a permanent angle and so he promptly moved his bunk and Lovering became "Old Ironhead."

Lovering jumped from his bunk and pulled on his fatigues. He did not look at Crompt. He could not bear to see the red gash cut deep across Crompt's throat, nor could he bear the bloody pillow which he knew must be there. He slipped on his cap, went into the hall and down the barracks steps.

The eastern sky hung gray with red-rimmed clouds and sprinkles of fading stars. Soon it would be day. Lovering walked into the field that surrounded the barracks and sat down on the cool earth. The wind blew moist against his face and lips; he could almost taste the freshness of the air. For the first time in his remembrance a sense of freedom swept over him. Funny. When would the tidal wave of guilt engulf this mood of satisfaction?

Book



Reviews

The Private World of William Faulkner, by Robert Coughlan; Harper & Brothers 1954; (New York:) \$2.75.

The Yoknapatawpha County Fad

NOVELIST William Faulkner represents an enigma that troubled few people until he was unexpectedly made the recipient of the 1950 Nobel Prize for literature; subsequent to that time, a legend which had been growing around him for years has caught the public fancy and established him in a position near that of the fabulous Ernest Hemingway. Sudden interest aroused by his recognition through the award has sent scholars and others scurrying to Oxford, Miss., Faulkner's home, to learn about the genius discovered for them by a remote committee of Swedish scholars; his books, including the best and the worst, have been reissued, once again half-comprehended, praised for the wrong reasons and imitated as unsuccessfully as before; Southern decadence has become the most respectable and popular of literary themes, and no literary "Bohemia" is complete without one budding mythmaker who stretches his sentences over six pages and parenthesizes an entire episode.

For the large part, Faulkner has remained aloof from researchers bent on discovering his personal history in order to relate it to his work; to his own detriment he relented for a two-hour conversation with LIFE writer Robert Coughlan, who published an article on him in that magazine

in 1953. In *The Private World of William Faulkner* Coughlan has expanded that article into a rude biography and index of the more salient of the Faulkner myths. He has omitted the unfortunate sections which attempted a critical appraisal of the novels, and revealed some of the more blatant apocrypha Faulkner occasionally encourages (ie. the myth that Faulkner flew in France in WW I). As a result of close research, Coughlan has uncovered some biographical data heretofore unknown, but he relegates this to a minor role, and as such it does not provide the book sufficient *raison d'être*. Neglecting objectivity, it becomes the melodramatic portrait of an author who likes his privacy, a fundamentally inaccurate picture which fails to indicate the importance of Faulkner as an artist.

One suspects from the gaudy format that the book was born from the article for no reason than to capitalize on public fancy. With all regard to Mr. Coughlan's reportage (he received the Benjamin Franklin award for the best biographical article of 1953) he should have stayed out of Yoknapatawpha County. His book represents the fluorescence of an overweening and unjustified admiration of Faulkner which, as all fads do, will subside and relegate him to an even deeper obscurity. Mr. Coughlan's dagueurreotype does him the most distinct disservice of all; as a novelist, Faulkner deserves kinder treatment.

William H. Scarborough

In This the Marian Year, by H. A. Sieber. Chapel Hill: Old Well Publishers. 1955. 27 pp. \$1.50.

No Grounds for Ignorance

"TO the educators, a memo: Take note that poetry is too important to be left to the poets. The generations now taking their communion from you are unmoved by poetry. And to the patriots and statesmen: Note!—the poets are too important, sirs, to be left to their lonely words." This excerpt from the preface of *In This the Marian Year* introduces us to a poet who knows and makes use of the equivocal value of emotionally-stimulating images and the ecumenical value of intellectually-stimulating ideas. The heritage of much of his imagery has its roots in the Second World War, but his vision, his thought, his scream at heaven encompasses a broad area of immediately comprehensible symbolism and imagery that is not only communicative, but which can stimulate our feeling and intellect.

H. A. Sieber also states in his preface that "Perfect poetry is a vision, at once created and destroyed by the poet. Appearing in imagination and vanishing in semantic symbols, perfect poetry devolves into a complex of devices by which the 'Begriff' of the poetic experience is merely approached in surmise." Such a definition on the part of a poet should at once prepare us for a careful reading of his work, for we soon become cognizant of the fact that we are dealing with a poet who has insight as well as sensitivity. And it is this duality of character that makes the poetry involved complete and, in many cases, perfect. In the opening lines of the first poem, "A Morning Fawn, Mr. Dokos," we are presented with

"The dialects of our dreams
Are easily learned, Mr. Dokos,
And curiously forgotten."
and from this point we are the viewers

and partakers of a new and different world of reality in which the scenery is historic and the characters are universal. A kaleidoscope of detached and at the same time integrated imagery in the poem assures us that we are dealing with a vividly perceptive poet whose sense of the foibles and problems of humanity is an incitement for the mind and not merely a payotl trance.

As regards the power of the word, we find in H. A. Sieber's work a precision and, too, a knowledge of the semantic and connotative value of the word. Although it is obvious that the poet expects a good deal of insight on the part of his reader, he does not allow himself to fall slave to obfuscation. In the following excerpt from "Lines to Dylan Thomas" the poet employs a startling commentary on our time:

"The rosary

(In unobserved rubato, crucified)
now left

(In this the Marian year) stripped
of all

But one last bead: the malted
magdalens

Madonna'd by the maudlin monks
Throw virtue to the winds of time
And whisper into time with but one
token

Edelweiss, reduced by moths to but
One blacking stem."

Perhaps it is too obvious to point out the excellent pun, as it were, on the word "maudlin" in connection with the preceding words "malted" and "magdalen," but such semantic revelations are, in a sense, the lagans of the mind to which we can return after a first reading of *In this the Marian year*.

In a recent address given by Dr. Oppenheimer at Columbia University, he made the statement that, "When a friend tells us of a new discovery, we may not understand, we may not be able to listen without jeopardizing the work that is ours and closer to us;

but we cannot find in a book or canon—and we should not seek—grounds for hallowing our ignorance. If a man tells us that he sees differently or that he finds beautiful what we find ugly, we may have to leave the room from fatigue or trouble, but that is our weakness and our default." This especially pertains to the work being discussed because many of the ideas and images involved in this book will not conform to many of our own ingrained conceptions. The deep-seated academic rules, or rather notions, concerning poetry will immediately cause us to be circumspect, especially since we are generally distrustful of anything contemporary in which an author deals with subjects with which we aren't familiar. But if we can transcend these barriers of prejudice, we shall discover in H. A. Sieber an extremely valuable poet.

On obscurity we have a poem of the same title by the poet which will enlighten us as to the problems of poets throughout all eras. I think it important that we remember that the "I" in the poem is not only H. A. Sieber but all poets. In the same way it is difficult to extract a line from Donne or Blake, it is difficult to chop lines or even stanzas from the poems being discussed because of the integral part they play in the poem as a whole. Again I emphasize the fact that the poet is dealing mainly with ideas, and though there are many beautiful lines in his work, they are only a part of the whole. However, the following may manifest some of the power of the poet's thought as well as imagery:

"In sleepdust, intuition's tone
eel-slips beyond the poet's mind,
... So now you know why I am
yet obscure
and how I writhe in this my
laborpain.

I bear a child whose father is not
sure
who dies too soon. And yet the
heavens gain."

As a final comment, I should like to make the statement that I consider the publication of *In This the Marian Year* as ranking among those of the leading minor poets of today, and considering that there are over ten thousand poets writing and publishing in the United States alone, this is not so slim a criticism as one might imagine. I also believe that the readers of this volume of poetry will find it a brilliant vision of a young poet and an excellent focus of time.

William Rivera

No Time for Sergeants, by Mac Hyman; New York, Random House, 1954; 214 pages, \$2.95.

The Farmer Vs. The Air Force

NO TIME for *Sergeants* is a first novel from a young and talented writer, and in this age of bitterness and fear, it is refreshing to come across a book of such warmth and humor. Will Stockdale, the young "Georgia cracker" who is the hero of the book, is as genuinely lovable as Huck Finn, and has much of Huck's naive compassion and sincerity. The comparison might go even farther, for the misadventures experienced by Mr. Hyman's protagonist smack heavily of those undergone by Mark Twain's creation.

Stockdale, a farmboy from the Georgia backwoods, is drafted into the air force (upsetting, incidentally, his father to the point of his stringing barbed wire around the farm to prevent the induction officers from taking Will away) and is sent to basic training, where he disrupts matters enough to make any officer wince in agony. His immediate superior, Sergeant King, seizes upon Will's simplicity and makes him permanent latrine orderly. This pleases Will, for he wants to be of as much help as he can, and desiring to impress the inspecting colonel, he rigs up an elaborate device whereby, at the colonel's call to attention, the com-

mode seats fly up with a bang. The colonel is not amused, and Sergeant King gets the blame. Throughout the book, King tries involved schemes to get Will out of his command, but Stockdale's armor of naivete is seemingly impenetrable. In the end, the whole hierarchy of officers, up to the general, have been humiliated by him.

Although the reader often finds himself laughing, he is seldom laughing at Will, but is, rather, laughing at Will's "victims." There is here a triumph of the primitive, unsophisticated, and thoroughly veracious hero over the guile and collusion of his adversaries. And the effect is one that restores a little faith in some of mankind. For Hyman the humorist writes not with the acidity of satire, but with a genuine sympathy for his characters. He recognizes native goodness and innocence, and protests when our society tries to corrupt it.

Some critics may dismiss the book as a "mere farce," but it is more than that. It is, of course, true that parts of the story take on a farcical aspect, but there is more depth and significance here than is usually associated with the farce.

America has produced some very funny men in the last fifty years, and if *No Time for Sergeants* serves as an indication, Mac Hyman is going to be one of them. But to dismiss him as "just another humorist" would be unfair and unreasonable.

Charles D. Webb

Review copy courtesy of the Bull's Head Bookshop.

Vision Splendid, by Tom Ronan; New York: MacMillan, 1954; 351 pages, \$3.75.

No Swearing in the Interior

TOM Ronan's evident desire to put on paper as much of his rich experience in the Australian interior as possible is highly commendable; but it is regrettable that as much cannot be said for *Vision Splendid*, the result

of Mr. Ronan's recordings.

Mr. Toppingham is the main character. "Topsy" (as he is called), never appears as a person, but rather as a puppet, the manipulator of which has no more than half a dozen tricks to perform; and he performs them in a tedious, unvarying cycle so that by the time the reader is halfway through the book Topsy's actions can be predicted pages in advance.

Topsy comes to Australia as a straw boss and bookkeeper for a cattle company in the interior shortly after the close of World War I, vaguely planning to make a quick fortune and then return to England and marry Clare, whom he loves vaguely. But the lure of the interior takes hold of Topsy and, although he still corresponds occasionally with Clare, he falls to drinking heavily, as is the custom among the company men. Furthermore, he deserts his strict code of morals and acquires a gin (female aborigine) for a mistress. After learning, years later, that Clare has married (his reaction is simply to get a little tighter than usual), he meets Stephanie, with whom he falls vaguely in love. But his shyness and feelings of guilt from sleeping with the gin drive him away from Stephanie before he can reveal his true feelings to her.

After spending twenty-two years in the never-never land, Topsy is plump, middle-aged, and tired. The old way of life has changed. The truck has replaced the horse, and there are too many faces now. He rationalizes his vices by telling himself that after all, he is only human. He reaches the conclusions that what the men in the back country need is a "faith"; that he never asked much of life, only Stephanie; and that the "Fates" have cheated him. After swearing abstinence from the aborigine women, he crawls, in a histrionic, half-drunken gesture of defeat, into bed with a seductive young gin, and the melodrama closes.

Besides the maudlin plot, the book

has two technical weaknesses as well: The continual flashbacks are too hard to follow; and even the most illiterate characters speak faultless English, some of them even disdaining to use contractions.

However, Mr. Ronan does provide fresh scenery and a change of color in his quite successful picture of the Australian cattle country, and moreover, accomplishes this with a genteel omission of four-letter words and sexual details.

James B. Graves, Jr.

The View From Pompey's Head, by Hamilton Basso. Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1954. 409 pp. \$3.95.

Southern Shintoism

ONE might have expected more from an author of Hamilton Basso's experience. *The View From Pompey's Head* is his seventh novel and a previous work, a story of the deep South called *Days Before Lent*, brought him the Southern Author's Prize. Besides these, Basso has written a scholarly biography of General Beauregard, and a series of biographical essays entitled *Mainstream*. He has also written numerous short stories, some of which have appeared in *The New Yorker*, articles on sociological and political themes, and criticism. It may be noted here that among these are an interesting and well-written observation of pre-war (c. 1938) Italy, and two articles about Thomas Wolfe.

Yet, there seems to have been little growth or development in his proficiency as a writer of fiction. Basso was a personal friend of Thomas Wolfe, whose influence might naturally be expected to appear in his work. In *Pompey's Head* Basso has allowed a theme of Wolfe's to permeate the substance of the story: the question of whether one can or cannot go home again. Basso poses the question indirectly, and his response is unconvincingly affirmative, suggesting that

one never really leaves home in the first place, which is to say that the region of one's origin and rearing is forever a part of one's identity.

The style of *Pompey's Head* is adequate, but undistinguished. Occasionally the author is witty; the well-turned phrase flashes brightly now and then. The opening of any novel presents a wonderful opportunity for a display of whatever powerful artistry the author may choose to bring into action, but in none of his novels has Basso taken advantage of such an opportunity. *Pompey's Head*, in the first chapter, is nothing more than the superficial musings of the main character; there is nothing to give the story impetus, nothing with the subtle impact of poetry, the force of drama, or the sustaining power of mystery.

The plot is dual in nature, and what at first is the principal story actually becomes a vehicle for a powerful theme referred to as Southern Shintoism, which is introduced in a sequence of flash-backs and which dominates the greater portion of the novel.

Anson Page, a young New York lawyer, returns to his birthplace in Georgia, a town called Pompey's Head, to clear a publishing house of an embezzlement charge. The late president of the publishing house, Philip Greene, an intimate friend of Garvin Wales, has misappropriated the funds of the authors royalties. Page, is reminded of his early life there, which is retold in the light of the Shintoist theme. The highlights of his youth are reviewed, his life among a proud people, who were as guilty of ancestor worship, of a craving for money and social position as the proudest Aristocracy. Page is a product of this people, he has something of their pride, but nothing of their spiritual blindness. His journey to Pompey's Head, then, constitutes not only a legal mission, but one of much deeper significance—a quest for personal identity.

It is regrettable that in a story of some intensity the characters, for the most part, are all of a type. Though that type is well drawn, the individual characters themselves seem nondimensional, but in citing technical weaknesses one must not overlook a primary purpose of a work of fiction, which is to entertain. For, however far short of artistic success this novel may fall, it nevertheless is an interesting narrative. The concomitant mystery of the legal business even approaches good detective story telling. And if the book lacks continuity and seems a little confusing in its irregular jumps to and from the past, it does succeed in sustaining one's interest with its numerous episodes. It seldom bores, but rather makes the reader a bit impatient at times. And also on the other hand, Basso must be given credit for sincerity, and for his sense of the dramatic.

—Robert F. Looney

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Editorial



"Our Object All Sublime"

WE RECALL having broken zealously into print about seven months ago with an earnest but somewhat narrowminded statement of our editorial policy: that whereas a national magazine appeals primarily to readers on one definite, preconceived intellectual level, a college magazine should appeal to the wide range of intellectual levels within the student body. We do not consider our success with this policy to have been quite as resounding as we would naturally have preferred, but we still believe in the ideal and still think it can be made effective.

An attempt to explain why we have not accomplished our aim would result only in a fruitless meandering through the vicissitudes of magazine publishing; instead we think it is of more value to examine the two principal discoveries we have made since the fall.

It has become evident, first of all, that a combination of the above editorial policy with the present setup and format of the magazine is not unlike a punch made of milk and alcohol. In order to interest a majority of the average readers on this campus, we now believe, a magazine must appear more often than quarterly and should grant itself the flexibility and elbow room afforded by a two- or perhaps three-column format. Publicizing the appearance of a magazine every three months, after most people have forgotten all about it, is a deadly job, and a one-column format just doesn't arouse reader interest after a nine-week absence from the public eye. We take *Duke's Archive* to be a good example of the most universally acceptable format; *Time*, *The New Yorker*, and the *Atlantic Monthly* also fall into this category.

Secondly, we have come to grips with that perennial and, in most cases, invincible troll beneath the bridge of enterprise, money. A magazine must have money in order to progress, and this does not mean merely a sufficient revenue to cover the cost of printing the next issue; it means a backlog of cash with which to provide not only the relatively unimportant trimmings such as color and illustrations, but incentive, both to editors and contributors. Many of our acquaintances, ourself included, have developed an ugly habit

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of eating, and unless one is attracted to the prospect of living in Iowa and growing one's own mashed potatoes behind the barn, there is nothing like appetite to make one sit at a typewriter and whang off deathless prose of the sort magazines like to buy and readers like to read. We suppose that what we are advocating, in effect, is a second *Carolina Magazine*. But changes such as the ones suggested above do not necessarily involve a concomitant lowering of literary standards, and literary standards, no matter how impeccable, are not much good if they are not presented in a form or with a frequency sufficient to catch and hold the reader's eye.

Our use of the present format and the lack of money are not offered as excuses for our failure to realize policy. As an excuse, we offer instead the fact that, as we said before, we were earnest but somewhat narrowminded; if we had come to the above conclusions eight months ago and had not entered an editorial venture with an airy attitude of "our object all sublime we shall achieve in time," we would have avoided much of the tedious 'proof by error' process through which we have dragged the Quarterly.

We now clean off the desk and dust the editorial throne for our successor who, like most successors, undoubtedly has immeasurable confidence in the superiority of his own ideas and capabilities over ours, and who, in his confidence, may just as easily be right as wrong.

ED YODER is co-Editor of the *Daily Tar Heel*, from Mebane, N. C. His interest in editorial journalism, politics, literature and literary criticism has led him to major in English, in which field he will receive his degree in 1956.

The Tale Of Junius Scales

ONE OF OURS TURNS ONE OF THEIRS

by Ed Yoder

"I'm going to ask you to sort of throw yourselves back to those years 1937, '36, '35, '34, because unless you do that you don't quite grasp what the thinking was in those times."

—Thomas F. Murphy,
quoted in *A Generation On Trial*

IT WAS raining in Memphis, Tennessee, the night last November when Junius Irving Scales, the Communist, was arrested by the F.B.I. to be judged for his membership in the Communist party. The rain, always a plague to the be-spectacled man, led to a strange and appropriate bit of irony: at the exact moment when the F.B.I. agents took Scales into custody, he was wiping his glasses.

The symbolism was perfect. In the mist of Memphis rain, Junius Scales, for eight years now the avowed chairman of the Communist Party of the Carolinas and Tennessee, had his vision cleared; the world on the other side of his glasses came through more lucidly. But the world of law became clearer, too: It was a world of law which had now turned against him and had denied him its sanction to hold allegiance to international movements which "teach or advocate" the violent overthrow of the United States government. In the mist of Memphis rain, a new picture of his own alienated society—which intended to put him on trial because he opposed it—came to him with the sudden reality of arrest.

On April 11th, almost five months later, U. S. Middle District Court in Greensboro would bustle with the curious, the curious come to see the trial of one who had renounced their established ways. For punishment he could be doled a \$10,000 fine, ten years in prison, or both. For the most part, however, that was not of driving interest; theirs was not a vengeful curiosity. Attitudes on the part of those who were interested—and many were—ran a broad gamut. And curiosity intensified in direct proportion to what they knew of this mild-mannered, almost-reticent, blond Communist. Some were shocked when they first saw him. Weren't Communists supposed to have the "foreign look?" Weren't their eyes always dark and hard and calculating? Their own picture of the *real* Communist had

grown untrammelled for a decade; now they saw this quiet fellow with the aristocratic bearing and were puzzled. He could too easily have cheered with them at the last football game; or, as the case may be, he could too easily have been the classmate across the aisle in a college classroom.

Vengefulness was mixed: Some people thought he would have his just due if he got a long jail term with a fine thrown in; others hung in the middle limbo of indifference; some thought him harmless and did or did not believe a man should be tried in the United States for his political opinion alone. But for all this broad range of attitude there loomed one question that would not recede: "For he was numbered with us . . . and falling headlong he burst asunder in the midst." At some point in the past, though possibly not since before the days of his adolescence, he claimed the same creed as they; he had lived without resentment under the same ideology as they; he had been, in the popular sense, one of them. Now he was not; he had fallen headlong. Now the glasses were clear and he saw his alienation face to face.

The conversion of Junius Scales to the ranks of Marxism would not confront the investigator with such mystery, were it not for certain facts of Scales' family background. But those facts, which cannot be discounted, show him to be the scion of an old North Carolina family, a family of teachers and governors, jurists and business leaders, distinguished by years of public service. It would be hard to devise a background, for that matter, which would tend more to weigh a man to the established custom. Never before had a Scales broken from the ideology of the democratic state; and at the very time of his arrest he was a brother-in-law to the chairman of the University Board of Trustees' Visiting Committee.

II

THE COMMUNIST'S great uncle, Alfred Moore Scales, had sat in the governor's chair from 1884 to 1889. Governor Scales had served as an educator, lawyer, and Congressman to Washington. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Ann Bullock Henderson, connected the Scales family by marriage with the Hendersons who had, in 1775, sponsored Daniel Boone's trek across the Cumberland Gap into the new elbow room of Transylvania; so the Scales family, through these now-forgotten in-laws, joins a vital part of the early American pioneer myth.

The Governor's obituary, printed in the Raleigh News and Observer for February 10, 1892, praised the Communist's great uncle in shining phrase; the annals of North Carolina, said the notice,

have been adorned by the illustrious services of many admirable sons, and among these Gen. Scales deserves to take rank, whether we have regard to his civil life or his military career. While not achieving fame by the splendor of oratorical displays or the brilliant scintillations of uncurbed genius, he performed his part well in every field of action, adorned high station, and after many years of public service retired with a spotless name and the good wishes of the entire state. He was a manly man, self-respecting, lofty in his sentiments, in the discharge of duties, and unswerving in his devotion to truth, right and justice.

The ideological heritage from father to son has always been a capricious one and literature is full of speculation as to whether it usually turns out good or bad. Diogenes, according to Richard Burton, "struck the father when the son swore." Are we to hold the Communist's father partially, or at all, in question for his son's judgment? That, surely, is a question which must go unanswered; but we may look for clues to the son's later ideas in the public writings of his father, Alfred Moore Scales II. Alfred Moore Scales, like his uncle, the Governor, rose to prominence in North Carolina as public servant, lawyer, and business man. He must have been awake to the family heritage and seems to have recognized an obligation akin to *noblesse oblige*.

The Communist's father entered public life when he was elected to the state senate in 1897; at that time only seven Democrats sat in the body. He headed a number of commissions on constitutional amendment, improvement of ship and water transportation, education, and homes for the underprivileged. As a legislator he served as chairman of the judiciary committee, introduced the first \$50,000 bond issue for state good roads programs, wrote the Scales Liberty Act entitling cities and towns to establish public libraries, was instrumental in the building law, the public welfare act, and the act for city-planning commissions. He led in the building of Jackson Training School for delinquent boys and Sarmacand, a Moore County institution for fallen women. As a churchman he became an elder in the First Presbyterian Church, Greensboro, in 1896, which office his father and grandfather both had held.

His public speeches show an intense interest in rapid reform—but reform within customary constitutional means. His remarks in a speech made at Winston-Salem in 1905 are worth looking into; they are best to be understood in the context of the then current events in North Carolina, but the intense social consciousness now so visible in his son appears plainly. He saw North Carolina as an early beneficiary to the religiously oppressed:

Can it be possible, that North Carolina owes her love of liberty and to a large extent her present enviable position to the fact that

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she was a place of refuge for the oppressed, many of whom were criminals only in the eyes of such men as Sir Wm. Berkeley and others of his kind who thought it a crime to worship save in a prescribed and established way?

He did not consider a slave economy as a sound or a just one. The South before the War was, he said,

... as unique and delightful a society as the world has ever seen. It was a society noted for its courtliness and grace ... but the condition of the South was far from ideal. Its whole fabric rested on human slavery, and this is a clog to the energy of any people. Men will rarely bring forth the best that is in them unless there is some necessity for effort, and it is more than probable that had slavery continued, luxury would have sapped the nobler qualities of our fathers. Such, however, was not their destiny for God had determined to baptize them with fire.

In the same speech, Senator Scales called for industrialization in North Carolina. The abuses of some few large corporations, he said, should not decide the state against them all. Toward the Negroes who had gained freedom in the Civil War and now sought justice in a white society, the Communist's father took an enlightened tack:

How would we like to be judged by the worst members of our race, the drunkard, the bestial, the thief, the murderer; and yet we must admit that in many discussions of the problem we commit that outrageous injustice. The law of love will solve the negro problem as it will all other problems relating to our attitude toward our fellow man. Put ourselves in their places and then treat them with the same justice, kindness and mercy which we desire to have meted out to ourselves.

From that speech, delivered by the senior Scales in 1905, many of the turns of mind that have since grown and bittered to radicalism in his son's thinking come clear. If he wanted reform, however, the elder Scales, unlike his son, wanted to travel within the boundaries of established order. Beyond the existent laws of the state lay a no-man's land where he did not care to tread. Perhaps, already given these bents of mind at an early age, the younger Scales despaired of having his dream fulfilled within the established order. Perhaps it seemed too slow. But how far did Junius Scales want to go? International revolution by the working classes? Total state control and ownership? The classless and stateless society?

III

JUNIUS SCALES shrouded his Communist Party membership in silence until October, 1947. Only sketchily, then, can his actual party work before 1947 be determined; it had gone on a "number

of years" in his own words, and it seems necessary to trace the rise of the Communistic frame of mind back into the late 1930's. Was there anything in childhood, youth, or young manhood that made Communism magnetic to him? Or was his change a revolt against the American political-economic creed? Bitterness or attraction? Idealism or calculation?

It is known that the Depression halted his father's development of the Hamilton Lakes residential area in Greensboro and that after 1935 the scene of Scales' early development shifted. In 1935 A. M. Scales and his family moved to Florida for some six months. When the Scaleses left Florida they came to Chapel Hill, where they lived until just before the elder Scales died in January, 1940.

Junius Scales' father had met a serious setback when the Hamilton Lakes plans had to be relinquished. Persons who lived in Chapel Hill during the period (while Junius finished high school and began his studies at the University) recall that his father's health and morale had declined since his active days in Greensboro law and business circles, and sharply since he had sat in the North Carolina Senate. "Mr. Scales went to the movies every afternoon without fail," someone remembered.

It does not need explanation, of course, that many saw in the business failures of the Depression something symbolic of decay in the American economic system. Marx had prophesied the crumbling of capitalism from within; and many jumped to agree in the pit of the Crash. We can only guess whether or not Junius Scales went over to a similar viewpoint when the bottom of American finance fell out and forced his father into retirement. Logic points to this as a factor, particularly since the Hamilton Lakes trouble descended in the crucial period.

Junius Scales did not belong to the generation of American intellectuals and idealists who had reached maturity by 1929 when the debacle came. But by 1937, when he matriculated at Chapel Hill—where his ancestors had matriculated for generations—he was old enough to be aware of the contemporary situation; that perhaps brand new and explosive wakefulness, chained with his family's customary social consciousness, undoubtedly could have contributed to strong skepticism about the capitalistic future.

It is difficult for the college student of today, born as he was in the mid-Thirties and grown to maturity and social awareness (or the lack of it) in the secure prosperity of the Forties and Fifties, to reframe the vision of the late Thirties; it is hard for him to conceive, save by vicarious report, of the economic and social disorder then prevalent.

One indication of the scarcity which dropped over Chapel Hill—as elsewhere in the Southland—is vivid: When the author Thomas Wolfe died in 1938 the University got first option on his papers and letters. The executors of his estate asked \$5000 but by means neither fair nor foul could money enough be raised to bring them here. Ph.D.'s in Chapel Hill wore sewn cartwheels in the seats of their trousers. The plight of labor was abysmal.

Education has no force if it fails to awaken the individual and sensitize him; to be awakened and made sensitive to the recuperative stages of a major depression must be like awakening from dreamless sleep to a living nightmare.

If, as evidence indicates, the inclination already existed, Junius Scales was from 1937 until the outbreak of the war subject to forces which would have sped his departure to the political left. The mood of rebellion, the desire for something new, did not prevail to a much greater degree in Chapel Hill than elsewhere; nor did it prevail more among the educated than among the ignorant. W. J. Cash, in his classic *The Mind of the South*, draws a fine picture of the widespread Southern attitude in the Depression years:

Looking at the South in those days, indeed, one might readily have concluded that at last the old pattern was on its way to conclusive break-up, that new ideas and a new tolerance were sweeping the field, and that the region as a whole, growing genuinely social-minded and realistic, was setting itself to examine its problems with clear eyes and dispassionate temper—in a word, that the old lag between the Southern mind and the changing conditions of the Southern world was about to end.

Even if Junius Scales did represent the extreme of the new shift in Southern ideology, he did not head off in an entirely counter direction from the broad thinking of the age. Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal, the relief it brought from the earlier terror and fatigue, can take credit for keeping in the fold many who would have wandered with Scales.

The new and extensive open-mindedness, joined with the highly-personal factors—his father's retirement from business, his consorting with a small cell of Communists who met regularly at that time, the background of family tradition so typified by the remarks quoted from his father's oratory—could well have cemented into his Communistic outlook. One wonders if Scales himself could now lay a mental finger on the exact moment when he fell in step with the international movement. But a man who knew him before he entered the army in 1942 believes "Junius had gone all the way

before the war—at least in his ideas.” All too often, human decisions come at the crossroads of seconds. They are made and all the categories that branch off are later rationalized to fit the mold of one, broad, sweeping choice. It is not too wild a guess to say that happened with Scales. One unsubstantiated story has it that Scales, confronted one night by a protest that he was running with Communists, retorted:

“If they’re Communists, so am I.” Could that have been the fateful night? Did Scales’ mind flash back to that time as F.B.I. agents arrested him in Memphis? We can but wonder.

Scales went to the Army in 1942. From January 2 of that year until he returned to the University in January, 1946, darkness falls over Scales and his activities; according to the present Mrs. Scales her husband joined the Army the day after Pearl Harbor.

Junius Scales returned from the war to the crowded University a more militant Communist. Perhaps something had occurred during his military career to concentrate his ideas even farther to the Left. At any rate, he circulated a notarized statement of his membership in the Communist Party on October 30, 1947. It dispelled all existent speculation as to whether he was or was not, as the term went, “a card-carrying Communist.”

His most ardent activity unrolled out of the 1947-48-49 period. He waged an active battle to turn many of the liberal groups on the campus to the far left. His tactics in the American Veterans Committee illustrate. The group, according to a Chapel Hillian who chaired it for a while, was split into conservative, moderate, and extreme wings within its total liberal attitude. Scales attempted to alienate the moderate groups from each other and to gain control of the A.V.C. for his own; except for a short interlude he was unsuccessful. His procedures in the A.V.C., however, except for the “Fighter For Peace” pamphlets he wrote and distributed, are among the few militant tactics he employed. Most of his work was quiet. The period, most interestingly, is full of material which throws more light on his past decision for Communism.

I have been associated with the Communist Party for a number of years (he wrote in the October, 1947, notarized statement). I am speaking in the name of my Party in the hope that I may in a small way dispel some of the dangerous illusions and falsehoods about the Communists which are being used to distract us from the real problems which we must solve: a decent living standard for all the people, a peaceful world, a more democratic America without race discrimination.

I have had an opportunity of meeting many outstanding Communists, and I say from long experience and close association that the Communists are the most human, the most principled, the most courageous, the most selfless people I have ever known.

I am proud to be a member of a party which is democratic both in its own structure and in its outlook. As a Southerner, I am especially glad to belong to the only organization which fights for the full and complete equality of the Negro people.

Finally, I am glad that my party's patriotism expresses itself, not in hostility toward other countries, not in slavish veneration of the economic status quo, but in practical struggle for the present needs and future welfare of the American people.

From this statement many of Scales' strongest motives stand out in bold relief. Another side of the Communist faith, however, is bold in its absence. The statement neither notices nor makes any claims for the basic tenets of the Marxist philosophy to which the Communist supposedly is dedicated. Scales did not mention the dictatorship of the proletariat, the economically-determined or dialectical view of history, the foredoom of capitalism, the classless or stateless society. It is not, therefore, plain at all that his attachment to Communism crossed intellectual channels. Had Scales read *Das Kapital* or *Dialectical and Historical Materialism* or the *Manifesto* of 1848? Perhaps, but they made little or no impression on his desire to be a Communist. Hans Freistadt, the physics graduate student and Communist who came to the University on an Atomic Energy Fellowship in 1949, organized a Karl Marx Study Group and invited students, faculty members, and townspeople to hear discussions on the aspects of pure Marxism. A Chapel Hill minister who debated with Freistadt on Communism versus Christianity recalled that while Freistadt had interest in the pure theory of Marx, Junius Scales did not.

On the whole, the October statement is not the statement of a militant Communist. With comparatively few substitutions and word-changes to mask it, the credo could pass for the pre-election plea of almost any party except, perhaps, the proposed "American Party" of Colonel Bertie McCormick. It deals with vital but not revolutionary issues: living standards, peace, racial discrimination, and economic progress. On its surface, Scales' position—as outlined in the October declaration—goes but short distance beyond the broad attitudes expressed by his father in 1905.

A veteran who was studying on the campus in 1947 pictures Scales at work in an International Relations Club meeting soon after he proclaimed allegiance to the Communist movement. The topic up for discussion that night, "How Can We Reach a Peaceful Understanding With Russia?" was old hat. Junius Scales debated and

the reporter, one William E. Patterson, sent this impression to Nell Battle Lewis, columnist for the Raleigh News and Observer:

He did not seem to be carrying any bombs. His views, which mainly consisted of moderate criticism of U. S. foreign policy and an assertion that we should trade more with Russia and show a more cooperative attitude toward the Soviet Union, were offset by many students who spoke in opposition . . . The discussion proved . . . Junius Scales won't bite.

The Communist's former teachers and students who knew him in the late Forties recall aspects of the Scales psychology which often contradict each other. The sullen in spirit and taste are not to be generally trusted; in the words of Shakespeare,

The man that hath no music in himself, Nor is moved with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, Stratagems, and spoils . . . Let not such man be trusted.

That Junius Scales cannot be, and has not been, designated as a man with "no music in himself" adds shadow to the mystery. He loved books and music. A Chapel Hill woman who once went to a party at his apartment remembered that he had "the biggest library and record collection I've ever seen." "Every room was lined with books," another said; and while no one seems able to recollect his individual favorites, the aura of scholarship and bookishness followed him through all his days as a campus Communist. Scales, "pragmatic, sincere, scholarly" according to one of his ex-classmates, took his undergraduate degree in Comparative Literature. He read masterpieces, from *The Divine Comedy* to the tragedies of Aeschylus. His musical interests did not lag behind his literary interests. One professor who taught Junius Scales remembered that he had been much taken with cello music at one time; another bought second hand Percy Granger piano recordings of high quality and found that they had been part of Scales' own record library. One searching enigma of his cultivated background is that his writings do not reflect a speck of the taste he had for books or music. Perhaps the explanation is similar to the explanation Richard Wright, the Southern Negro novelist who became a Communist in Chicago, got from his henchmen; they laughed crassly at his efforts to turn the pen into a propaganda weapon. When the devout Wright demanded an explanation they told him his writing was "too intellectual." Junius may have learned from his more hardened associates that "intellectual" or elegant writing could not mix with propaganda.

Did his former professors think his conversion to Communism swift or slow? To judge by what he knew of Scales, one professor said, the gyration to Marxism was a "generous movement." His economic circumstances were comfortable; and his enrollment in the

Communist Party openly denied the principle of Economic Determinism. Another professor who taught the Communist Spanish history before Scales flunked out of the Graduate School of History asked the Communist one day what category he thought he fitted. Was he under the pay and command of Moscow? Was he a member of the American Communist Party (perhaps in sympathy with, but not under the wand of Moscow)? Or was he merely an idealist who believed in the objectives of international Communistic revolution? Scales said he belonged to the middle group and that seems to indicate a rather orderly enrollment.

In contradiction to some sources of information, one professor thought his conversion *must* have been gradual. Scales was, he said, the type "who didn't jump and didn't get excited."

Did Scales attempt to use the classroom for propaganda? Here, once more, the answers differed. In an undergraduate Greek literature course where material came out in lectures, his professor thought definitely not. The Spanish history teacher thought otherwise of Scales in his class. Scales and his wife, who attended the course at the same time, attempted to argue points of history from the Communist viewpoint, especially in connection with the Spanish Civil War. Still another professor corroborates what the Greek literature teacher said: A student in his course prepared a paper on the history of labor-organization problems in North Carolina. Certainly Scales could have broken in with some of his own views there, but he stayed silent. All of his later professors got the idea that his role as a Communist mattered more to him than serious studies.

In the "Fighters for Peace" pamphlets Junius Scales left behind the most interesting and yet the most baffling studies of his psychology. These brochures came through the mails, purporting to be from the "Student Section, Carolinas District Communist Party," and into the boxes of many students and professors. For the most part, the pamphlets present naive views in tone and language which failed to excite many sympathetic readers. The "Fighters for Peace" multiplied during the 1948 election when Scales and his band of intimates supported Henry Wallace for the Presidency. Most of the pamphlets dealt with the race issue, McCarthyism, the Smith Act (ironically) and labor-business problems. Here is part of a skit "by a Negro student of Marxism" which appeared in a December, 1953, "Fighter for Peace":

MARY: Oh, my goodness, Joe, and you're supposed to be studying political science? And are you supposed to be such a brilliantine? No kidding, you really and truly don't know what FREE BY '63 means? You'd better get hep, kiddo.

JOE: Ha! I think you're being very silly . . .

MARY: What are you talking about? Why, I just joined the NAACP.

JOE: Oh, I dig you, Mary; you're going to break down segregation this evening with your Chemistry book . . .

Then, later in the skit

MARY: (Quickly): O. K. Where is your bomb? (Joe looks around half-embarrassingly) I'll tell you what. You run down to the nearest telephone and call Moscow. Ask to speak to Malenkov personally and tell him that, now that he and Sir Winston, Laniel of France and Eisenhower are about to meet in an effort to reach an agreement for lasting world peace that would mean happiness and progress for the Russian People and all the other peoples of the world, tell him that he should send the Red Army late tonight and take over the South while everybody is asleep . . .

The skit represents the basic immaturity of thought, poor style, and embarrassing naivete which mark almost all the "Fighters for Peace." Perhaps there is a dark side of Junius Scales' soul. Otherwise, what strange feature in his personality could bring the pamphlets out of the quiet, mild Communist of the classroom?—who as a student had been called "cultivated and American" by one of his professors? Perhaps Scales, during his personal contact with others, repressed his actual views and reserved them for pen and paper.

The mildness and the cordial smile seem to have left the Scales personality in the last two years before his arrest. Roland Giduz of the Chapel Hill News-Leader, who knew Scales when he saw him, wrote in a newspaper article published right after the arrest:

With the heightening of the Cold War and the clamping down on Reds across the country, so Scales' attitude seemed to change, too. In his infrequent appearances in town he was no longer the old, casual, smiling Scales. He'd look around furtively while speaking with acquaintances and talking in bitter tones, grinding his words out between his teeth. He was sure his mail was being opened, and spoke of being under constant surveillance by the F.B.I. In the fall of 1951 he disappeared from the Carrboro house . . . and nothing more was heard from the sensational Mr. Scales for several months.

This enigmatic man: The Communist with sand colored hair and mild eyes; the Communist who did at times and did not at others try to indoctrinate others; the Communist who cared less for pure Marxism than for solution of the nation's and the South's besetting problems; the Communist who was impressive, courteous, and good in person but strangely unconvincing on paper; the Communist who has stuck by his creed for almost twenty years: Junius Scales, the militant and unmilitant—this is the man who went on April 11 before the bar of justice, a stubborn rebel against the inadequacy of his own way of life.

The Grin Is Built Into the Bone

Silenus to the mourner's feast
Hairy and with smell of goat
Comes late, the gay old reprobate
And no one there to take his coat
Comes uninvited to the feast
And no one to extend the cup,
The undertaker, nervous, coughs,
And eyes a query to the priest
Who knowing it is centuries
Since Augustine and Constantine
Frowns at someone by the door
Who sinned and let Silenus in
The satyr seemingly unmoved
By impoliteness pours a cup
Of brandy neat and drinks it up
Unoffered and yet unreprieved
And breaks into an ancient song,
The mourners rise as in a trance
Tread the measures of the dance
Somnambulant and slow at first
And faster, till the candles leap
With gargoyle shadows on the walls
And old Silenus rolls and falls
Into a dreaming drunken sleep
Whereupon the mourners bring
The funeral wreaths and strewing round
Silenus in a flowery chain
Bind him in the magic ring
With crucifix for thyrsus prod
The sleeping satyr, "Wake!" they cry,
"Wake up Silenus and prophesy!"
And still they circle round and round
The satyr wakes and in the lull
That follows he throws back the pall
No undertaker's art they see
But skeleton and grinning skull
"Know then," he cries, "when life has flown
The skeleton will play the clown,
For only living flesh can frown,
The grin is built into the bone."

Lawrence Lipton

The winners of the Carolina Quarterly Fifth Annual Fiction Award this year are Ralph Dennis, who has been given first prize for his story Region of Innocence, and Claire Russell, who has been given second prize for her story, Josie. The judges, Doris Betts and John Ehle, have also awarded honorable mention to Alexander Blackburn for his story, Pale Arms and the Lover.

In the opinion of the judges, Region of Innocence is a powerful story well told, although marred by a certain heavyhandedness of style. In deciding between Josie and Pale Arms and the Lover the judges experienced some difficulty; however, second prize was given to Josie for its greater success as a story, while honorable mention went to Pale Arms and the Lover for the quality of the writing.—Ed.

RALPH DENNIS has a surprisingly slender writing background for the author of a prize-winning story. Mr. Dennis is a freshman from Sumter, S. C. He has published poetry in the Virginia Quarterly Review and Poetry Awards, and was discharged from the Navy in 1954.

Region of Innocence

by Ralph Dennis

The Carolina Quarterly Fiction Contest First Prize Winner

THERE IS a paved road that goes erratically through the Naval Air Station and into the low farm land where the stooped women plant the tender rice shoots. It is a good road; for the country it is a magnificent road. In that mile in the spartan farmyards rice is husked in a flat drum turned manually. The kernels are laid out to dry on woven straw mats. In the fields a honeybucket boy dips human excreta into the flooded squares of new rice plants. The men may stop to watch a vehicle pass; the women work steadily on, bending into the deep mud.

At the end of this mile, the road has almost terminated; to the left the highway abruptly joins a pitted clay path that leads to Otsuka Hommachi; to the right another four hundred yards before the jarring ruts and ridges and the first squat buildings of Sagami Otsuka.

There are roughly seventy bars, two grocery stores, and a combination bus-train station in this town. There is a fluent population of nearly four hundred young girls, a mama-san and a papa-san for each bar, and for some of the better bars a male bartender.

The bars lean and crowd and elbow toward the bus station

where at four and five and six o'clock the early sailors begin their nightly prowling with an urgency, a pentup sounding that shells and husks the buildings and the people.

In the year 1954 in early May came two sailors burnt very brown from another sun. They were eager to begin the months of feasting orgy that were to make them separate, nearly hostile, and were to begin the cocoon age, a delicate age.

I am the taller of the two, twenty-three years of age, a Southerner. I will be my own conscience; this is not my story, except the fringe area, the crust. My friend is younger, nineteen. His home is somewhere in the region of innocence. His hair is crisp, blond, dark at the temple edges. He is a length of spring steel.

There is a cool wind up the mud street; the dips and ruts lease a fetid odor. The afternoon rain pools in the untouched outer lengths. Two children (I have not previously counted children) leap about and shout in an open field. They are awkward in the cheap wooden *geta*.

Our blood has thinned in the constant heat of the Marianas. The wind has a chill and the open frankness of a knifeblade. We have two quick whiskies in the nearest bar while two *josons* eye us invitingly. We give the positive no as we move out into the evening traffic of already drunk sailors. We shiver in the thin whites.

"My God, and this is supposed to be spring." He blew into his cupped hands.

"This might be a frozen scene," I answer, "where two sailors are found as ice blocks in skivvy town."

"Maybe one of these places has some kind of heat." He lit a cigarette and cupped his hands over the glow. I nodded a negative to a *jason* leaning interested in a doorway. She will collar the next sailor.

This is not of our making; circumstances conspire. The next bar is heated . . . a small gas jet dangerously between two cushioned benches. A Japanese boy mixed our drinks while Fred and I leaned over the heater. We laughed out of relief and partly out of amusement.

"Dammit. I knew there was one in town." This from Fred before the rear door opened and two *josons* entered. Then a silence. The phonograph in the corner of the room had ended a scratchy Glenn Miller. The buxom girl placed the drinks before us and collected the yen, bending from the hips for the sake of cleavage (being indiscriminate, a view for each of us).

The slender girl gave us only the barest of looks as she passed to the phonograph. Another Glenn Miller. A rustle of her skirt and she had crowded my bench. The buxom girl took the obvious seat.

She had in fact taken three-quarters of it. Fred, thin-flanked, braced himself against the wall.

"Cornered, aren't we?" A frightened, jumpy smile at his lips.

"Unless we want to make an exit out of the side of the house."

I looked at the slender girl, turning in my seat. Her smile was the grandmother of smiles, a disease at twenty-two and twenty-three.

"Well, dammit, make the most of it. This is the only heater in town."

I took her left breast in the shovel of one hand, the nipple hard against my thumb. Mute, very mute, a dumbness in her eyes.

"What's your name, *jason*?"

"Kazuko. Sometime they say Judy." Her smile was then suddenly a wide grin. I had shown interest, a definite intent. She bound my knee in a gnome's hand. She offered, leaning toward me, the clean rice breath.

Across the table Fred had become as stiff as two-fifth's full; his eyes had a wounded quality.

"How long you stay Sagami, Kazuko?"

"Maybe one year."

"One year *domi*, no good."

Now there were two wounded people at the table. I decided to joke. I lit a cigarette.

"Navy *domi* too. I stay Navy maybe three years." No response. I drank my drink rapidly.

"You want drink?" She was still wounded; a thought for the mama-san's sake.

"*Hai*. Fred, you want another?"

"Yes. Vo and water."

"Two vo and water, *dozo*, Kazuko."

Fred moved the buxom *jason* and slid off the bench. "Red, let's try the head." He went in front of me through the rear door and into the narrow passageway.

He said, "I don't really want to go to the head. How do you ask price with these hogs?"

"Just say: How much you speak. And give her about three hundred less than she asks." I wanted to laugh; instead I went into the head and threw my cigarette butt into the urinal. When I came back he had cornered his *jason* at the bar. She was on him like a chest plaster; all was well.

Kazuko was huddled at the phonograph, her back to me but one ear turned slightly. I stood at the wooden half-oval and drank half of the drink. Fred and the *jason* had arrived at a price. They braced their hips together and went through the back entrance.

"Kazuko." I spoke gently. "*Koko, dozo.*"

She was against me suddenly, arms up and reaching. "You stay tonight, ne?"

"*Hai*. How much you speak?" I finished the drink and began turning the empty glass in a circular motion.

"Maybe 1800 yen."

"I give maybe 1400 yen."

"I speak 1500 yen."

I nodded and her tongue moved into my ear. In the passageway we turned right onto a small cement platform. She removed her shoes, then my own. We stepped up to a polished hardwood hall and went down it in complete darkness to her room. I waited while she fumbled with the light cord.

The room was nearly monastic. There was a bed and there was a low shelf at the foot of the bed whereon was perched a wedding doll. On the walls were two pictures torn from a movie magazine thumbtacked at an angle. One corner was curtained off to serve as a closet. There was a nightstand and a pan of water, a clock that was fifteen minutes fast. Bar clocks and cathouse clocks are always fast.

I watched her with a new pity as she folded her clothes in the small cube with barely room to turn about. Then the rough skin of her breasts and the thin flanks . . . and closer the perfumed oil scent bruising my nostrils . . .

After the heat, the whole pain, she slept. She curled toward me warmly, warmly. The clock had a loud ungodly tick. There was no sleep now.

Two rooms down I listened for the invisible membrane, the snap, the pop, the crackle.

Outside, two sailors howl and kick to pieces a latticed window. I SWEATED in the bombay of No. 20 pulling a micro switch out of the bombdoor warning system. Drops ran down my nose and collected in my mustache; other rivulets left my chin and pooled a ring around my feet.

I cursed loudly, vehemently. Fred dipped under the bombdoors dressed in whites and liberty neckerchief. He held the flashlight patiently while I disconnected the leads and collected the tools. We dodged an AF taxiing toward the tower. The strip lights went on and the beacon light began sweeping from above the tower.

I said, "Wait until I finish this up and I'll take in Sagami with you."

"Maybe." He flipped the flashlight back and forth in his hands, almost fiercely. As we passed through the readyroom the night crew first class called from the far corner, "What does it look like?"

"Probably the switch. Know in a minute."

I flipped on the light in the electric shop and took down a meter. Fred squatted on an instrument can in the corner near the door. I zeroed the meter and connected the leads. The nipple of the switch made a brittle noise in the vacuum, the total silence.

"Red, I'm gonna shack with Chieko starting tonight. She seems a pretty good head."

"Why tell me?" I watched the instrument face.

"Wanted to know what you thought of it."

The first class opened the door. "How does it look?"

"Bad switch. Take a few minutes to get a new one in."

"Paynight. I secured the rest of the crew. We'll try it out after you get the new one in." The first class closed the door.

"You'll be at the Mood, won't you?" I ripped the waterproofing off the new switch.

"For awhile," Fred answered.

"Wait for me. I'll bring a wedding present."

He banged his fist against the wall and roared, "It's not the same, is it?"

"Almost." I lit a cigarette and began collecting the tools. "You're about to make a fool out of yourself. You just learned what candy tastes like and you want to buy the candy shop. What happens if you buy a chocolate shop and later on want to try mint? You'll play hell, boy. These women act like the chaplain made the shack job. You butterfly on them and they'll cut your *chimpo* off and feed it to you."

"Sounds like a scare story. That's more the exception than the rule."

"I'd hate like hell to have an exceptional soprano voice." I pocketed the crescent, the boxend, the rachet, and the screwdriver. "Give me about an hour to get to the Mood."

Fred toed the instrument can back into position and rammed the light switch down. Violence near the surface. We went outside. Fred circled the hangar to catch the station bus to the gate. I started across the taxi strip toward No. 20. The sweeping beacon lighted for an instant the dormant shapes of aircraft, the cable tiedowns, the canvas shrouds.

On the landing strip a squadron of jets practiced night carrier landings. In front of the tower a plane loaded for Honolulu.

A shade over an hour later the cab drew abreast of the Mood. I yelled at the driver but it was fifty feet forward and directly above a mud lake when he braked the taxi. I paid the hundred-fifty yen and stepped into the shallowest pool. I swung the sacked bottle against my thigh. There was the same overpowering stench, the

outhouse or *benjo* and the residue of the casual halting of papa-san along the street.

A marine lurched out of the Mood missing the step up and barely righting himself. A bottle spun out of his fist and rolled over in the mud. Scooping it up, he drank the last thimbleful and hurled the bottle across the street into an alley. Seeing me, he muttered, "Good old Sagami mud."

"Just like chocolate candy," I answered.

Fred was morosely drinking a Nippon beer at the far end of the bar, one elbow on the record collection. One of the *josons* recognized me and hurried through the rear door. Kazuko must be catching short times, I thought.

Fred had not seen me. I said hello to George, the bartender, and slammed the bottle down by Fred's elbow.

I said, "Happy birthday." And then, "A Nippon for me too, George."

Fred said, "You took a helluva time getting here."

The Nippon came and I poured out the first glass.

Grinning I said, "I told the driver to stop when we passed the Mood but we were in front of the baths in Yamoto before he did."

The first glass carried off the silt collected during the day. I poured the second.

"It's warming up outside; this is a hell of a time to shack."

"It's the only time I've got."

Kazuko stepped down through the front door. Her face was damp and her small breasts rose in uneven stride. "Hello, Red-san," she said close to my ear. I got a clotted nostril of the perfumed oil.

"*Kombawa*, Kazuko". I was unmoved. Nothing about her touched me. I asked Fred, "Where's Chieko?"

"Tying up a few bundles. She found a place in Otsuka Hom-machi."

"You see it yet?"

"No, but she says it's okay. Two rooms and a community *benjo*."

"Well, anyhow, you drink this damn whiskey I brought you."

He lifted it out of the sack and looked at the label. I. W. Harper.

"I appreciate the gift, but you still don't like it, do you?"

"I don't have any right not to like it. You should have picked an uglier one."

Kazuko poured the bottom of the bottle into my glass and stood at my shoulder. It was hot; her perfume lumped and rolled into my ears; it caked my hair.

"Maybe you stay tonight, Red-san?"

The impressive front of Chieko came in the front door a couple of seconds before she did.

"I have taxi. We go now," she said.

Fred gulped his drink and went out through the thick morass toward the cab. I followed and stood on the cement fronting to the bar. I shouted, "Lucky, boy-san," as the cab door slammed and the driver clashed gears before the Ford began the rough passage toward the four hundred yards of good highway and the clay path to Otsuka Hommachi.

Kazuko said, "Maybe you stay tonight."

"Maybe I stop later."

In this hour of beginnings I began a weaving progress toward Bar Clover where there were four girls oddly named Peanuts, Popcorn, Crackerjack, and Candy.

IT WAS a good three weeks before I caught Fred again. We were in the same duty section but we were working different shifts. When he secured at 1630 I began the night's work. It was a sort of "Hi Red, Hi Fred" arrangement. I'd come out of the chowhall at 1715 just in time to see him heading out of the barracks with a bag of coffee or a present under one arm and his neckerchief hanging untied under the neckpiece of his jumper.

I'd say, "How's the love-life?"

And he'd say, "Fine. The greatest," with a grin that was three-quarters of his face . . .

This day I had awakened at noon in the upper bedroom of the Colorado with my nose deep in the hair of someone named Kate. This was not material. But through the window directly behind me poured all the dirty rain in Honshu. From the depth of the poolings it had evidently been raining for hours. An old mama-san or two stepped over the worse spots. There was a clatter of *geta*. A train debauched a stampede of children returning from school. The children were a legion of bright umbrellas passing.

There seemed to be no lessening in the thick, punitive fall. *Nyubai*, the rainy season. There would be no squadron planes in the air today. There would be a quick muster at five and a quicker bus back to Sagami.

"Kate," I said patting her backside, "maybe I come back tonight."

Back at the Station after I had thrown my hat on my sack and picked up a letter from under my pillow, I went into the rec room. Fred was seated at the bench-table working crossword puzzles. Some joker had picked a Japanese station on the radio, a cultural concert consisting of man and *samisen*. A fine imitation of a cat with his tail tied to a harp.

I took a seat on the opposite side of the bench and opened the letter. "You going native, Fred?"

"In a small way," he replied.

"Really lap this noise up, eh?"

"Sure, man, wake up to it every morning."

I read the letter, skipping my eyes over it impatiently.

"That roundeye still love you, boy-san?"

Fred closed the book of puzzles.

"Sure. She said she was glad I wasn't having anything to do with those josons because she had heard they were filthy."

I refolded the letter and deposited it in my waistband. Someone had turned on the heat; the radiator hissed and chuckled. The drains on the streets were not channeling off the water fast enough. The falling rain was slanted heavily in the wind.

I said, "Anything to do at the squadron tonight?"

"Number 12 was supposed to come from Itasuki for a 120-hour check but it's too wet for flying."

"Well, Fred, what's with you? I thought all shackrats were making a run for home."

"I got the duty."

"So has the section leader, but I bet he's halfway to the Mile High by now."

"I don't believe in that, Red."

"I see. Just because they don't pick up liberty cards is no reason for Jack Armstrong, the All-American boy to hit the beach." I lit a cigar. "If it was me, maybe I could see staying aboard, but boy, you've got it paid for."

The first class stopped in the doorway with his muster sheet.

"You can muster me, Webb; I think Beet and the cripple are sacked out in the dorm."

"Nothing to do tonight, but there's a big night tomorrow."

He went away.

I braced my weight against the windowframe and saw in the heavy downpour the Japanese office girls leaving the Ship Service building. For every hog there are ninety-nine nice girls in this goddamn country. We know the hogs by scent and touch and sound; the decent women to us are not tangible people. Umbrellas, short boots, they wear.

"You got something on tonight, Red?" Fred asked.

"Not exactly, though I did almost promise Kate I'd bless her again."

"How about coming over to my place and cracking a bottle of sake?"

"Fine," I said, "if you let me buy it."

He nodded and swung his legs over the bench. "As soon as I get a shower."

The Sagami Railway Company is a single track system with two-track loading at the station. At seven o'clock there is usually a profusion of office type workers on both sides of the tracks. We arrived a few minutes after seven and the platforms were empty. I consulted the timetable and the stationkeeper's clock.

"About twenty minutes," I said.

We caught a quart of Nippon in the San Francisco while an early combo of Japanese boys mangled the hell out of Gershwin.

I said, "This is much better than Rice-Paddy Pete and his three-string *samisen*."

The combo left Gershwin bleeding and picked up on Flying Home. The man on the baritone sax was rough, pure granite. Three or four sailors looked up from their *josons* and the undercover work and began to shout, "Go, man, go."

The bartender belatedly plugged in a motor that began to color the room with a spinning gelatin wheel, pinks, ambers, greens, and blues. The combo took on a note of frenzy, an orgiastic mood.

"I bet they think this is the real high class."

"For this part of the country, it probably is." He drank his beer moodily.

We were on the platform a minute before we heard the train from Yokohama or saw the headlight pass the bend. Two office girls spoke *sayonara* across the tracks with a lilt and a softness. The rain had lessened a bit; umbrellas were folded.

The train from Ebina took the far track and swished its doors. Our train moved into place and we boarded it with rough force in the Japanese fashion.

There was not much to watch on the five-minute ride. The women we had seen before, the "business girls" who were returning from the hot baths in Yamoto, the office girls who were somehow intangible, yet interested, and the farm women coarse-skinned and stooped in the shoulders. The young men are sullen; the old men are like broken matches. By agreement Fred and I watched the dark fields and the flat low hovels.

A passage of ten minutes up a mud lane and a steep climb, we walked through a stone arch and into a courtyard. Along the perimeter of the courtyard were the shapes of bushes and flower beds. In the far right corner was a rectangular building which was completely right angles. Two sliding paper doors. A clothes line.

"Two sailors shack there with two sisters," Fred said. "Just like a big happy family."

The main building was a farmhouse, two storeys high. It had

never been painted; it had weathered to a dull brown finish. The far left corner of this building had a sliding door paned with glass. We entered in the darkness and removed our shoes on a small concrete block before stepping into the hall. Then a narrow wooden ladder to the second floor.

Fred said, "The light's out. Chieko's either in the pad or at one of these slopehead movies."

Then through another door and into a small cubicle. There was a table, an oil burner, and utensils racked on the wall.

"The kitchen," he said. "I'll see if Chieko has any clothes on."

The scrape of another door, the jangle of a light cord missed and then caught and then a strong light. Silence for a minute.

Then Fred said, "Red, you go down the street to the Hideaway. I'll be there in five minutes."

I said, "What the hell for?" and started into the room. Then I heard Chieko cry out and then a deeper voice wake in surprise.

"Go ahead, Red. I'll be there in a few minutes."

I turned and opened the sliding door and closed it gently behind me. I heard Fred say, "You scoop-jawed whore," then "That's all right, you just drag your butt."

Then I was standing outside the front door with my shoes in one hand and the *sake* in the other.

Chieko screamed something in Japanese and the light went on in the mama-san's room on the lower deck.

I put on my shoes and went under the arch and down the steep hill nearly running. The night had suddenly a warm stench. I walked until there was no more sound from the farmhouse. There was only the drunken movement of an old papa-san who had missed a steep turn and had walked into a ditch.

There is a final summation to be made. The period of incubation, the cocoon age (a delicate age) must be recognized as ended. Out of the husk had come the wings and the inclination toward flight. In the following weeks there was constant flight and constant disorder. He had brought his gear back from the house in Otsuka Hommachi and stowed it away in his locker with very little comment. He was unbelievably calm in the squadron area and in his infrequent visits to the barracks. But here the calm ended. Nearly every night he followed a trail that began at the bars nearest the bus station and ended in the bed he entered after eleven o'clock. I offered no comment, no censure. The road to hell is a private speedway.

In a small way he became famous in the town. As we plodded through the ruts and dips of the streets and paths, the mama-sans and the *josons* would spill out into the bar fronts and cross their

wrists and move their hands in a butterfly gesture. They would shout, "Butterfly. Butterfly boy-san," in shrill voices, one quarter amusement, three-quarters contempt. Fred assumed at these moments the sickly sweet expression seen on the faces of movie stars before their public and said in a low side voice, "Hell, isn't it?"

This led to the weekend in Yokohama where he had tattooed across the back of his right hand a dull yellow butterfly with jade webbing. The operation occurred during a drunk that began late one Friday night, was nurtured through the following morning in the room of an especially ugly *jōson*, and continued through Saturday night in a number of bars and through several short times caught with several different girls with only a minimum of passion. There was a pause Saturday night in the tattoo shop. A withered old papasan bent over his hand and sketched out the design. He bowed and smiled often. During the whirring of the needle, Fred cursed and argued and said his single Japanese word, "Ichiban," over and over. I standing, rather leaning, in the doorway (sick, very sick, disgusted) offered him dryly another Japanese word as the butterfly took shape.

Fred showed me proudly the finished product before it was to be bandaged by the old man. "Really something, ain't it?" he asked.

I turned away and started down the street without him, but he ran behind me and caught my arm.

Afraid to speak I went back to the shop with him and waited while the hand was wrapped. I handed him his white hat and walked out into the late night noise with him, committed for the final tour and the drunken talk until the lights went out and he was deposited on a bed . . .

The next night coming back on the train he roared and stamped his feet and yelled, "Goddamn slopeheads, goddamn scoop-jaws," and overheated threw up at the feet of a young girl.

At the Sagami Otsuka station I braced him against me and went down the platform steps and through the ticket gate. The lights had not yet gone out in the town. There was music and women were standing in the doorways.

I led him toward a cab and held the door open. "We've had a rough weekend; we'd better go back to the base."

Fred ducked his head into the taxi and then came out of it.

"You know, I think I'll go see Crackerjack at the Clover."

"Why don't you just go on back to the base? I think you've had enough to last a weekend." I forced him back into the cab and seated myself beside him.

"Look, this is none of your goddamn business," he yelled.

The driver turned his head and watched us.

I said "Okay" and backed out of the cab. He went by me with the force of his shoulder against my chest.

The driver yelled, "You want cab?" and I didn't answer.

Two sailors brushed past me and got into the taxi and it clashed past.

My eyes followed him until he turned into the narrow alley that led to the Clover. I may have taken several steps to follow him, but finally I went back to the post in front of the station and leaned against it. I stood waiting for the next cab. A *jason* came out of the San Francisco and looked at me. I said softly "Piss on you," and moved my eyes back to the corner. In a minute around this corner a cab will come.

Dante Put Heavens in the Sky

The crawling spider on the wall
surpasses Cretan king—sarcophagus
of Caesar—if sarcophagus there be,
and in the dusty essence of the hall
out Platos Plato
and his shadowed ball.

One does not make a spider
chanting words, nor banging temple gongs,
nor piling myth on myth in synthesis
of mock-light like a beam.

One light there is that filters on the floor
and is not born of fury.

One may dream
of birds upon the rafters in the spring
and call them choruses, but birds they are
and fragile little hoppers in the wind
who sing because they sing.

The spider crawls—and crawls because he crawls—
and crawling is salvation of his kind,
not mystery.

Divine insanity which seems
and breathes a wish to make the wish belief
is beauty in its waking
truth as well.

Dante put heavens in the sky and saw the sky
and knew the heat of thousand rising flames,
yet knew where heaven was and where was hell.

James Binney

CLAIRE RUSSELL is a senior at UNC, majoring in radio, television and motion pictures, a native of Chapel Hill and the daughter of Phillips Russell. Miss Russell has been a program manager for WUNC and has had a one-act comedy, *A Man In The House*, produced by the Carolina Playmakers in the June Experimentals last year. She is currently working on a series of radio dramas for the State Board of Health.

Josie

by Claire Russell

The Carolina Quarterly Fiction Contest Second Prize Winner

THE CHILD, Josie, sat in the classroom waiting for the last bell to ring. Only five more minutes and then she could go home. Why was it she always disliked this last period? It wasn't her teacher. She liked Miss Downs even though she wasn't pretty. Maybe it was because she was in a hurry to get outdoors, to feel free and alive.

From her seat Josie could see the playground. Some of the children were out playing a game of soccer and she envied them a little. They always looked as if they were having so much fun. Once she had tried to play, but she had skinned her knee and her mother had told her she couldn't play anymore. Anyway she didn't really care. She had her doll and their secret games were much more fun, more fun than anyone ever knew about, even her mother and father.

But still, she had enjoyed the soccer and even liked it when she had fallen down. She liked to look at the dark red blood oozing out of the raw skin. It gave her a sense of warmth to know that even in that small way, she was like the others. But now the sore had healed and there wasn't any use.

There were only two minutes left now. In the background she could hear Miss Downs droning on and on about the principles of long division. Her chair felt hot and sticky and the backs of her knees were sore where she had rubbed them against the front of the seat. Her mother had told her to be careful about that, but she had forgotten. She moved her legs away from the seat. They didn't hurt when they didn't touch anything. Is that what her daddy had meant this morning when he shouted in anger, "Josie, do like your mother. Don't let anything touch you and then you won't be hurt. Don't ever let *anything* even touch you." But he hadn't been mad at her. It was her mother. They often had quarrels, but this morning it had been worse. Remembering the looks on their faces, Josie's heart began to beat loudly. She had never seen them look like that before. Her mother had been so white and still and her daddy had shouted

and yelled and once almost cried. He said he would be glad when it was all over. What did he mean?

Suddenly there was a mad scramble as the children jumped up from their seats and ran for the coat rack. Josie looked up in amazement. Why the bell had rung! The long-awaited bell had rung and she hadn't heard it!

She reached down for her books and shoved them under her desk. She wouldn't take them home today. She'd tell her mother she didn't have any homework. That way she'd have a lot more time for the things she wanted to do. Just the thought of it made Josie shiver with excitement. Now she didn't have to listen to Miss Downs anymore, she didn't have to see her friends playing and she didn't have to sit in this hot, sticky chair that made her knees hurt.

"Josie, I'd like to see you a few minutes, please." The friendly, but firm voice stopped Josie just as she reached the door. She turned around and saw Miss Downs gazing at her intently. Her dull brown hair, wound in tight curls, had fallen to her forehead and there was a smudge of chalk on her cheek.

"Yes, ma'am." Josie clutched her coat tightly to her chest. She could feel the loud thumping again, but she didn't care. She only saw Miss Downs looking at her, her mouth was smiling, but her eyes were not.

"Josie, come over here. I want to talk to you." Miss Downs reached for Josie's hand and led her over to her desk. "I'm worried about you. You're not doing well in class."

Miss Downs leaned forward in her chair and shook her head, making the curls bob up and down. They're like corkscrews, thought Josie. It made her laugh inside and for a moment she forgot that her hands were wet and sticky and that she was afraid.

"Josie, are you listening?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I want to help you, but you don't seem to want any help." Miss Downs rose from her chair and crossed over to the window. "A girl your age ought to be out playing, not cooped up by yourself, dreaming and wasting time. It isn't natural."

Josie looked at her teacher and then at the floor. She could feel the hotness begin at her neck and spread over her face. Her throat felt dry and her eyes burned. She wanted to say something, but she couldn't.

"I thought you'd change after we decided you weren't to bring your doll to school anymore, but evidently you haven't and your attitude is getting worse. If you'd just pay attention in class . . ." Miss Downs sighed and turned around to face Josie. "Don't you feel well? Is that it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then why won't you try? Why do you sit and stare out the window? Why won't you be friends with people?"

Josie could hear Miss Downs' voice getting louder. She sounded like her mother, first soft and then shrill and mad. She grasped the edge of her chair and watched the whiteness spread out over her knuckles. She wondered why her knuckles should be white.

"Why don't you say something? Josie, I'm trying to help you!"

Josie looked up and saw Miss Downs standing over her, her face pale and angry. She watched her until the face crumbled, leaving it old and defeated.

"Don't you like school? Is that the trouble? Is it the school?"

Josie stiffened. She knew that was coming. Everyone was always asking her why she didn't like school. Someday I'll tell them, she thought. I'll tell them I hate it because in school you're nobody, you're nobody and no one really cares.

"I'm sorry, Josie. I thought we could talk this over. I've tried and tried to make you understand. I'm sorry." Her voice was low now and Josie relaxed. Now she'll let me go home, she thought! Now I can be free!

"I'll have to tell your parents about your poor work, Josie. They ought to know."

A shock went through Josie's body. No, no, she thought wildly. You can't tell them! You can't!

"I wish you'd be more co-operative. We might be able to work something out."

"But what did you want me to do? I try! I really try!" She looked at Miss Downs' unyielding face and felt the tears coming. Don't, she thought. Don't let her see you cry.

"Come on now, pick up your things. I have a lot of work to do." Miss Downs went to her desk and shuffled through some papers.

Josie stood staring at her for a moment and then slowly left the room. Her freedom no longer held excitement and even outdoors the warmth of the sun beating down on her back held no joy.

SOON SHE reached the road leading to her house. It was spring and never could she get enough of this beautiful drive with the flowering trees on both sides reaching out to touch each other. They form an arc, she thought, like the arc around Christ's head in one of my books. She picked a flower and pressed it against her cheek. The coolness of it soothed her.

From where she stood she could see Sally, her next door neighbor, coming towards her. Quickly she threw the flower down and mashed it with her foot.

"Hey, Josie, whadcha do that for?" Sally called. "That was a pretty flower."

"I wanted to." Josie could hear Sally's breath coming in quick, short gasps as she tried to get her wind and for a moment she wondered why she had ever liked her.

"You're mean, that's what you are. You're mean!" Sally's eyes were angry, but Josie didn't notice. She looked at the broken blob of color on the ground and thought of her knee.

"Josie, don't you feel good? You look sorta funny. I'm sorry I said you were mean."

"That's all right. It doesn't matter."

"Can I walk with you?" asked Sally.

"Sure, if you want to." Maybe I ought to tell her, Josie thought. Maybe she would understand and I would have a real friend. "Sally?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you ever feel bad?"

"Oh, sure, lots of times."

"You do?" She understands, Josie thought. She does and I can tell her.

"Oh, sure, especially when I've eaten too much candy. Boy, then I feel awful."

"But don't you ever feel bad other ways?"

"Yeah, I guess so." Sally looked at Josie strangely. "Hey, what's the matter with you, anyway? Why are you always talking like that?"

Josie felt the hurt pound against her stomach and then it was gone. I won't cry in front of Sally either, she thought. She can say anything she wants to, but I won't cry!

Sally saw the look at Josie's face and gently took her hand. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say it. You aren't mad at me, are you, Josie? I wouldn't want you to be mad. After all, you might have to come stay with me."

Josie drew back and looked at Sally in fear. What did she mean? What was she talking about?

"I heard mother and daddy talking about it this morning, about your mother and daddy and what was happening." She squeezed Josie's hand hard and her voice thickened. "She said for me to be nice to you. I'll be nice to you, Josie."

"You don't have to be nice to me. Nobody has to be nice to me." She looked at Sally and for a moment hated her and her twisted-up face. What did Sally know anyway? She was just trying to scare her, trying to make her think something was wrong. But she remembered this morning and the fight and all the other fights and she knew.

"Please, Josie, don't look like that. Please . . . Josie!"

I have to go home, thought Josie. I have to find out. She wrenched herself away from Sally and ran as fast as she could. In a few minutes, I'll be home and mother will come to the door and I'll know it's all right and there'll be no more fighting.

She reached the front porch and saw her daddy's car in the drive. He must have come home early. Hurriedly she dusted her shoes off on the half-torn mat. Her mother always fussed about dusty shoes tracking up the house. The thought of the shoes and the mat and her mother recalled the fear and the tears pressed hard against her eyelids. I mustn't cry, she thought. I mustn't cry. Even if it's true. The three words made a little chant and silently she repeated them over and over again. I mustn't cry.

Slowly she leaned against the front door. It seemed to give her energy. She pressed her lips against the wood and let the musty odor fill her nostrils. This was her house, her house and she loved it. I wish I were this house, she thought. Then anything could happen and it wouldn't matter.

She could hear the voices inside. A man and a woman's voice. Her mother and daddy! Josie laughed out loud. There was nothing wrong: she was sure now. Sally was just being hateful and she, Josie, had dreamed it all. Joyfully she opened the door and ran into the living room.

"Mother, Daddy, I'm home!" She threw her coat down on the sofa and waited for them to come to her and smile and tell her it was all right. But only the silence, and then, loud voices.

I mustn't cry! I mustn't cry! The chant began again, bursting her ears. It got mixed up with the voices and Josie felt as if she were going to vomit. Everything was not all right. She had known it all along. The safe feeling is gone forever now.

Gradually the noise subsided and Josie relaxed, but the voices kept on and on. She put her hands over her ears to shut them out, but she could still hear.

"For the Lord's sake, Mildred, we've got to tell her sometime. We can't keep her from knowing when the whole town is talking about it. Use some sense."

"You tell me to use some sense, when all this wouldn't have happened, if you hadn't let it. No! I'm not going to tell her now. I'm not going to see her upset."

But Mother, I won't cry. You can tell me and I won't cry.

"I'll tell her in time, but I refuse to rush this thing. She's so little, she doesn't understand."

No, Mother, I don't understand. You tell me.

"Have it your own way. Lord, when I look at you, me and this

thing we've called a marriage it makes me sick . . . just sick."

I'm sick too, Daddy, but I won't cry. We'll be nobodies just like in school. Slowly Josie picked up her coat from the sofa and hung it in the closet. Her mother didn't like her coat lying around.

She walked quietly into her room and shut the door. She didn't want them to know she was there, and even though she could still hear the voices, her ears had stopped hurting. She picked up her doll and put its familiar face against her own. It was ragged and torn, but it was hers and having it in her arms made her feel safer. Then with a sudden start she ran to the door and listened. The voices were getting higher and higher and she thought her head would burst. She screamed, but there was no sound. Then she buried her head in the doll's soft body and fell to the bed. If I lie here long enough, she thought, it'll go away and then they'll never know that I know and maybe if I pretend hard enough, I'll find it isn't true. That's what I'll do! I'll pretend it isn't true. She gripped the doll close to her chest and pulled the covers up over her head. She could barely hear them now, but somehow it made no difference. She knew they were there, and even the secure, solid wall next to the bed gave her no comfort. She couldn't pretend.

She looked at her doll, at its painted face and stuffed body and felt sick. With a cry she threw it from her and beat it with her fists. "I hate you! I hate you! You're nothing but a lot of straw. I hate you!" She struck again and again and laughed as the stuffing fell out over the bed. "What do you care? What do you care about anything?"

Josie looked at the broken body and with a moan, pressed it to her face, covering it with kisses. And the tears she never cried flowed down her face and on to her doll where no one ever saw them.

Ars Nova Poetica

Mr. Archibald MacLeish,
A poem must predicate,
Must mean as well as be,
Must thought communicate:
Rare wine buried deep at sea
Glints not, is not tasted,
But wine of less degree
On table is not wasted.

W. Arthur Boggs

Spring Where He Is

Yen grass like green silk
Chin trees drop thickening boughs
Moments when you wish for the returning time
Are also my great longing time.
Spring wind, I know you not,
Why come you by the silken drape?

Li Po translated by Charleen Swansea and Jun Chu

The following is the Chinese poem from which the above was translated:

何 春 是 當 秦 燕
事 風 妾 君 桑 草
入 不 斷 懷 低 如
羅 相 腸 知 綠 碧
幃 識 時 日 枝 絲

春思

李白

Dialogue

Mornings I awake
And torture the window
With much leaning;
Behind your window
Is a stoic lace
And in stone a face.
On your lawn the late husks die.
In the wind I cannot speak.
I know you watch
This single window mornings,
I see the thick shape,
The four panes clouding . . .
On your lawn the blown husks tumble;
In your eaves the maple offings gutter.

I am afraid, too shy;
In the streets the wind imp
Ride your hair,
You turn expectantly . . .
I hide in a corner of my mind.
Do not run, smile at me,
Lift your hat . . .
Remark upon the weather
Or the children sliding
On a steep clay hill.

Mornings I awake
And torture myself
With much leaning;
The drapes are drawn
And on your lawn the old earth breaks.
I know you watch;
The drapes shut out the sun
But on your lawn the young earth wakes.

Ralph Dennis

THE BEST FRESHMAN WRITING OF THE SPRING SEMESTER 1954-55

LLOYD SHAW is a freshman from Statesville, where, while in high school, he was editor of the school newspaper and winner of a national essay prize. At present he intends to major in either English or history; after graduation he intends to teach—preferably at Carolina—and continue writing.

The Disillusioned

by Lloyd Shaw

IT WAS nearing midnight when he turned off the road and started down the dusty path between the hedge and chicken-wire fences and the railroad track. The signal at the railroad crossing stopped blinking as the light of a train faded in the distance. A line of cars was turning into the chair factory parking lot. In a few minutes the whistle at the factory would blow, and a new shift would start to work. A mile away in Oak Hills the lights of the country club went off, and headlights could be seen intermittently as the cars came down the hills that made up the town's wealthiest residential section.

There was a decrepit insomniac woman sitting in her rocking chair humming spirituals on the porch of the first house in the row. Somewhere in the darkness of the rows of houses that ran parallel to the track he heard the shrill laugh of a woman and the sound of Negro jazz. The music made him wonder why there was no intermediate in his people's music, why it was either very sad or very gay.

Further down the tracks, behind a hedge entangled with honeysuckle, was his house. Its rusted tin roof dipped in a gentle angle over the walls to form the roof of a porch running the width of the house. Four posts rising from the plank porch supported the roof, and boards were nailed between them to form a rail, on which sat his mother's begonia plants. Underneath the porch was the heavy black pot which his mother would wash in until the Monday before she died because she did not understand machines. She would drag the pot out to the pile of ashes that only the wind removed; build the fire to heat the water; wash the clothes in the boiling liquid with her homemade soap; and then hang them on the line between the chicken house and the hedge. On the windy days of late winter, when the trees were still bare, he could stand on the loading platform at the factory and see the clothes flapping above the hedge.

There were trees in the yard, but they were not oaks. They

were chinaberry trees which dropped their shriveled waxy berries on a yard of Bermuda grass and chicken dropping.

He opened the screen door and walked across the room. In it were the reminders of religion and family that his mother was bound to and the simple furnishings she was content with. In a corner of the room he had built his study, enclosing the two open sides with curtains. When he was within the curtains he was cut off from the flypaper, dusty tintypes of his grandparents, and multi-colored shawls covering the chairs, and could live vicariously the life he dreamed of. His books were there, on a polished bookshelf. Sophisticated wallpaper covered the pine wall—the wallpaper ending at the curtain—and there was a rug on the floor. His desk, which had cost him two weeks' pay, his record player, and his lamp were here. All the material symbols of the life he wanted that he could possibly obtain he had put in this corner, five feet wide and nine feet long.

He sat down at the desk and took a notebook out of a drawer. It was only on nights like this, when he could find nothing but depression in his surroundings, that he used it. He wrote swiftly. He knew that he must express somehow the difference between chinaberry and oak.

"I have been to the movies tonight and sat in the colored balcony and listened to those below laugh at the appearance and actions of the African natives in the movie, applauding when their white hero shot or knifed them. My people and I in the balcony were strangely quiet. The Africans in the movie were funny and villainous, but I felt and I think my people felt that by laughing at the natives in the movie, those below were indirectly making fun of us."

"I felt because I could not stand their laughter and because I was afraid, whether it was of them or life I do not know. I walked for hours. I looked at their homes (the wealthy ones, the important ones) and remembered how once I had thought I would be accepted there someday, and how I was going to work and work and take advantage of every opportunity until I *was* accepted. I was going to be an example of what my race could achieve, but my ambitions have become passive desires. I do not believe anyone can achieve what I want through work, because I know now that they will never accept me or any of my race. The work I am trained for they give to their sons and to the sons of their friends. To a Negro, they only give 'nigger jobs,' the kind that offers no advancement. With intelligence and education, I shall spend my life loading trucks and returning home to the railroad tracks, the chinaberry trees, and the chickens that scratch in the yard."

LAYING DOWN his journal, he looked up at the framed copies of the Declaration of Independence and the Declaration of Human Rights hanging above his desk and at the faded square in the wallpaper where until six months ago had hung the Soviet Constitution of 1936—which he had taken down, though he still believed in the ideals it set forward, because the faith he once had in its proponents was gone, taking much of his optimism with it; and because it was not good for such a document to be found in a Negro's home. He had lain awake many nights trying to determine which reason was dominant, lying awake with something of the feeling he had in college after being introduced to the works of Freud, when he lay awake trying to decide what were his dominant desires.

After lighting a cigarette he walked onto the porch and looked across the tracks at the lights in the chair factory. The muffled droning of machines vied for the position of laborer's companion that the spirituals once held, and the smoke from the factories moved like an endless veil over the moon. There were no lights inside the analogous houses along the track. There were as dark as his skin, but the orange porch lights, which are supposed to keep the insects away, uncovered the darkness and the ugliness of their unpainted fronts, as the glow of his cigarette revealed what was happening to the education and culture of the whites he had acquired, revealed what he was: a black house that must stay by the railroad track under the chinaberry trees, because the smoke and dust of *their* trains and *their* factories caused the paint his people tried to use to fade and peel, and without paint the house cannot be moved.

Beyond the factories where the roads became asphalt and the white homes began, there were fluorescent street lights that colored everything within their range a deep purple, but there were none to color the houses along the dirt roads.

A mockingbird, which sang far into the night like the old woman down the row, was moving in the hedge. Once when he was small, his mother had taken him to work with her one day, and the young son of the white people whom his mother cooked for showed him his birthday present, a canary in an ornate cage. So that night, without telling his mother, he trapped a mockingbird and the next day built a cage for it. Proudly, because he had captured the bird which the oldest people in the row said never slept, he took it to the home where his mother worked to show his new friend, but his white friend's mother took the bird from them and let it loose, because, she said, there was a difference between keeping a canary in a cage and keeping a mockingbird in a cage. Tearfully, he had run home and never returned.

Along the road across the tracks, a car passed, and he distinctly heard the word, Negro. Two years ago, he would have thought that they were discussing his people's plight, discussing means of helping them. But now, their voices only made him wish there was not a light in the door behind him, revealing him to them. He wondered if the people in the car were like the white girl he met in college who said with enthusiasm that his people's suppression would soon cease and the world would open up to them, and shook his hand, and left saying that she enjoyed talking with him; but then, as she went out the door, wiped her right hand on her dress, clinching it as if it was unclean.

Perhaps that was when he began to break, when he began to become as fearful of the men who talked of the Negro's great progress as he was of the Ku Klux Klan. He knew he should not be, but he could not regain his once ambitious and outspoken self. He was a cross-tie that could not lift the rail and end the sounds made by the trains that kept him from sleeping.

He backed slowly into the house closing the door quietly because he hated—or perhaps feared—sudden harsh sounds that broke the silence, and then he reached for the string controlling the bare light bulb and picked his path through the darkness to his bed, undressing without a light because in the darkness the eyes of those he feared and envied could not see him.

Book



Reviews

Rebellion, by Ron Levin. Old Well Publishers, Chapel Hill. 13 pages. \$1.00 paperback.

Publication Is Not Inventory

Mr. Levin's slim volume of ten poems is the second in the Old Well Contemporary Poets series. This latest booklet is remarkable for two reasons:

In this day of the outrageous blurb, when almost every dust jacket acclaims the talent of the new novelist or poet and prophesies greatness approaching whichever known writer is the vogue at the time, the Publisher's Note to this volume is especially noteworthy. Here is a masterpiece of anticipation of the critical reader, and repudiation of the poet, Mr. Levin. Two quotations from the Note, "To No Plausible End, We Remain" may be worthwhile.

"Our purpose, we believe, is not that of judging the artist's mental or emotional clairvoyance—we leave all matters concerning perception and taste to our readers, thereby reserving our indefeasible rights as editors."

"With our humble apologies to those who find this an opprobrious beginning . . . and to those who recognize that our silent lucubrations are a means directed to no plausible end . . ."

Otherwise remarkable is Mr. Levin's poetic immaturity. The mature poet has, at the time of publication, usually discarded the surface influences of the recognized poets. Coming of age, stature in a poet is more often than not the partial result of being able to view

at a distance his manner of expression with thought toward weeding out these unconscious parrotings. There is no doubt that Mr. Levin has read T. S. Eliot; he has not been able to view his own poetry from a distance.

To further add to this impression of immaturity, there is triteness sprinkled throughout the ten poems:

"a dusty half forgotten pane"

"on a path long since forgotten"

"coming out of nowhere and/ leading to no end"

"and lost the robin's magic treat/ the timeless trill of/ feathered joy"

"Time's grimy unknown stoker, black"

To these obvious defects, we should add his willful carelessness with his verse form. When, at rare moments, his poetry appears to assume some rigid form, Mr. Levin goes to lengths to distort the rhythm by suffixing to one line the single unstressed beat which is necessary to balance the following line.

"of children playing in a/ nearby street"

"the timeless trill of/ feathered joy"

"And everywhere the/ laughter of a leaf ringing"

The reviewer has not to this point considered Mr. Levin's poetry as to thought content. There has been a previous notation regarding Eliot's influence on this poetry. "Reckoning in a Coffee Shop" even to tone and thought is more than reminiscent of "The Hollow Men." Beyond this, Mr. Levin has not decided what he wishes to say. The world is much broader

than his coffee shop, his garden, his rainy streets. In this respect, in the narrowness of his self-interest, Mr. Levin's poetry has reached the crucial age at which most young poets inwardly take stock of their talent and decide whether they have anything to say. Outward publication, Mr. Levin, is not inventory.

Ralph Dennis

Twigs As Varied Bent: The Recent part of Little Magazines in Literature, by James Boyer May. Vagrom Chapbooks. Corona, N. Y., 1954 77 pages. \$1.50.

The Littles Are The Bigs

The little magazine has come a long way from the literary bohemianism of Margaret Anderson to whom "little" was a word of sling-shot defiance flung at the Philistine Goliaths. Today James Boyer May finds among the 225 little magazines listed in *Trace*, of which he is the editor, five main varieties of littles ranging all the way from semi-traditional eclectic, through academic and "trend" magazines, to avant-garde, experimental and workshop. Misnamed the littles they are in fact the bigs, in quantity as well as quality, in their chosen fields of poetry, the short story as an art form, and literary criticism. He gives no support to the notion that the writer "graduates" from the littles to the bigs. He sees avant-garde experimentation as a chain reaction that eventually reaches all literate levels.

What with the anti-intellectualism of self-appointed witch-burners abroad in the land, the little magazine has become a kind of literary underground resistance, not unlike the 18th century Round Robins and Letters of Correspondence. The cretins who compose these investigative posses can't read poetry; thus the little magazines have so far escaped their wrath. For this we can thank the failure of the schools to teach poetry properly!

Written primarily from the writers'

point of view, *Twigs* treats with meticulous fairness the university-sponsored reviews as well as those "with sharp shining white ideas or slow-burning angers", the frankly traditional ones, the radical throw-backs which are refighting the battles of the Twenties, as well as the "conservative moderns" who are making fashionable *Kitsch* or academic quiz games out of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, and more recently out of Dylan Thomas.

In addition to being a contribution to literary criticism, this book is an indispensable guide to writers in search of submission know-how and know-where, and to readers who want to know more about the aims and contents of little magazines before investing their subscription dollars.

Lawrence Lipton

The Black Prince by Shirley Ann Grau. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York 1955, 294 Pages. \$3.50.

Too Good To Be Pigeonholed

In her first book of short stories, *The Black Prince*, Miss Shirley Ann Grau sets herself the task of depicting characters whose individual lives are important although their existence is hard and sometimes meaningless.

Her stories are set in the South and many of her characters are Negroes. It is these and the old people that she handles best, giving them a vitality and reality seldom found in the work of so young a writer. She knows and depicts her characters so well that one never feels she is yanking and jerking them through the plot.

Miss Grau handles her Southern settings deftly and with assurance. She knows her deep South and describes it without sentimentalizing. Her best writing is her descriptions of the way of life in small isolated Southern communities, such as in "Joshua" and "The Black Prince."

In "One Summer" Miss Grau describes the effect of a wake held for his grandfather on a young boy. In her handling of the wake, Miss Grau captures the dried-out quality of the elders and contrasts it with the fluidity of the feelings of the young boy.

The whole town has attended the wake as a matter of custom, but it is for the old people that the wake has a special significance. After most of the younger townspeople have left, the old ones sit on the porch and talk. As the boy narrator listens, the conversation becomes a chant of meaningless phrases. One is reminded of Eliot's "The Hollow Men," "Our dried voices/ When we whisper together/ Are quiet and meaningless/ As rats' feet over broken glass/ Or wind in our dry cellar."

Perhaps the most powerful story in the book is "The Black Prince," which tells of a remote Negro farm community which is visited by the Devil. The havoc he wreaks is culminated by his winning the most desirable girl in the community for his consort. Together the two of them haunt the community, haughtily disregarding the human beings who inhabit the land.

Miss Grau succeeds well in capturing the members of the farm community—their close bondage to the land, their immobility, their awed fear of the 'outside' and the foreign. She contrasts this with the freedom and lawlessness and power of the possessed couple.

Miss Grau has not done so well with her children. They seem to glide through the stories; they are creatures of no substance who leave no shadow or proof of their existence.

Although Miss Grau writes about the South, it would not do to call her a Southern writer. The term Southern writer too often brings to mind Erskine Caldwell or the Southern Agrarians who bemoan the disappearance of The Old South. Miss

Grau is too good a writer to be pigeonholed. Her characters have a stature and grace which makes them universal. She is not concerned with social systems of with the poor trod-upon Negro or the traumatic aspects of childhood experiences. Her main interest is people, and their ability to maintain their innate dignity.

Ebba Freund

Randall Jarrell, *Selected Poems*. Alfred A. Knopf: 1955.

Of Men With Beards

These are the poems of a man with a beard. This fact becomes symbolic when reflecting upon these poems. Just as a woman never quite understands the fact of hair on a man's face neither can I completely identify myself with that group of poems which were created by the fact of death and pain and war. Yet do those war poems, though they constitute only one half the book, dominate any reaction to the whole. Like dark mutterings from a fitful sleep, these poems stand in relief, communicate despite their alien source the significance of a specific suffering. And you, having heard him conclude: "It happens as it does because it does," do not sleep.

These subjective passionate poems justify their existence by contributing to reality but those earlier poems which adhere to the traditional concept of poetry as a re-creation of beauty as well as truth through lyricism and as precision, will find a larger sympathy.

There is too, in the first group of poems an obvious desire to communicate. This extraordinary inclination is made even more fantastic by the fact of polite notes embodied in a humble, if not neat introduction. By such a gesture Jarrell nobly denies himself a flattering aura of obscurity which partially he redeems by commenting only where there is no need for comment. Immediately following those poems which are graciously noted, a

group titled "Once Upon a Time" looms up and flaunts a profusion of fairy tale and dream symbol which mingle in the mind of something we discern to be either a man, or a woman, or a child, or a sheep. But here again, Jarrell redeems himself for it is not, at least in the mind of Jarrell, that they gyrate. If poetry be defined as an excess love of life, this poet is to be congratulated on not perverting the definition to mean, as his contemporaries prefer, a love of his own life. Few lines begin and end with the all-aching-I and this abstention leaves him room to be concerned about home sick boys, an English sculptor, dead Negro girls, and a Wall street philanthropist.

The quality in Randall Jarrell's poetry which points toward work of a major caliber is a facility with narrative. That anonymous core inherent in great poetry is most nearly defined by the word "movement." In order to move, a poem must do something inside itself, must go somewhere. A narrative dramatic evolution is a wheel on which a poem may begin to turn. The movement is not beautiful or complete in itself but it is a handy device, one which the muse seldom lends—except to men with beards.

F. Charleen Swansea

The Good Shepherd, by C. S. Forester
Little Brown and Co. Boston, 1955,
310 pages \$3.95.

Well Done, The Iceland Run

This sea story of World War II is a simple portrayal of the perils, hardships and decisions of a ship and her captain on convoy duty in the North Atlantic. The plot is centered around Commander Krause who is

the "good shepherd" of this cumbersome flock of ships. The novel begins by establishing the significance of the convoy and the obligation of the escort vessels to protect it. The reader is then placed aboard the *Keeling*, where, watch by watch, he observes torpedo attacks by submarines and participates in anti-submarine attacks. Despite the losses of merchantmen and screening vessels the convoy reaches its rendezvous and the exhausted destroyer skipper is relieved of his responsibility to provide safe passage.

The anti-submarine tactics and screening dispositions are described with authenticity capable of only an experienced mariner. The description of Krause is a personality sketch of one man; it is not a caricature, accentuating only strong or weak features—a device that has been used by many post-war novelists. Krause is a believable character in all respects and is the sort of individual who has much in common with many readers. He is not always wrong or always right; he is neither dramatic nor dull. Although one might not always agree with his decisions, actions and words, one would have no doubt of his sincerity and loyalty to duty. The fictitious *Keeling* probably saw more action than any real destroyer in one crossing. However, destroyer sailors who made the "Iceland run" will feel right at home reading this book. Although much of the novel is written in sea-going vernacular, any reader will find it understandable and enjoyable.

Both Forester and Commander Krause deserve the satisfaction and praise of a task "well done".

Commander F. L. Edwards, USN





